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HUNGARY.

THERE is an American story of a certain Mr. ETHAN SPEKE, who was a candidate at an election in one of the New England States. A Liquor Law like that which throws its gloomy shadow over the State of Maine had been proposed, and parties ran high for and against it. The candidate was asked what his views were on the subject, and the balance of public opinion was so even that he could not make up his mind. At last, with great prudence, he answered that he was in favour of the law, but against its being practically enforced. There are ETHAN SPEKES all over the world, and as many at Vienna as anywhere else. The EMPEROR is oppressed with much the same difficulty as overcame the American candidate. He is in favour of the Hungarian Constitution, but against its being practically enforced. The long Rescript which he has just addressed to the Hungarian Diet comes to this, and to nothing else. It is kind, loving, and even paternal. He is so fond of the Hungarians that he will do anything for them. They shall have their beloved Constitution if they like. But then the general interests of the Empire must also be consulted. First, there is the army. Clearly the EMPEROR cannot give up the army. He must settle how many soldiers he wants, and how they are to be organized. He must decide where Hungarian regiments are to be sent, and how many of them there are to be. He must have the power of proclaiming peace or war, and Hungarians must draw or sheathe their swords as he thinks best. Then, again, there is the money with which the army is to be paid. The EMPEROR must have money for the general purposes of the Empire, and it is he therefore who must decide what customs are to be levied at ports, and what duties are to be imposed on internal productions. But, then, a sovereign who has got all to himself the power of the sword and the power of the purse is scarcely a constitutional king. And yet the difficulty is one not to be easily overcome. The EMPEROR cannot be the constitutional king of a great variety of kingdoms. He must have a distinct Imperial authority, with adequate funds and force of arms, or his Empire is at end. He cannot permit the Hungarian Constitution to be practically enforced. Neither, again, can he help being in favour of it. Unless he can conciliate Hungary, he will be as badly off as if he were to be the king of several constitutional countries set against each other. It has been said that, if the present attempt to come to terms with Hungary does not succeed, he will try the old game once more of setting subject against subject and race against race, and will play off the Rouman and the Slave against the Magyar. This, we may be sure, cannot be. Austria is not nearly strong enough to live through a fierce civil war of races. She is now eating the bread of humbleness, and drinking the water of affliction, because her soldiers would not fight for her. She cannot rise to being once more what she was by making her troops hate the Government they serve, instead of merely serving it with a contemptuous negligence.

The difficulties with which Austria has to contend are very great, and at the same time very peculiar. Every country has its troubles, but no country has troubles at all like those of Austria; and the worst is that no arrangements, no compromises, no kindness on the one side or generosity on the other can remove them. Two of these chronic inherent difficulties of Austrian politics are more especially worth noticing. In the first place, the class that is opposed to her in her provinces is the governing class of those provinces. No nation with a free government has such a difficulty to contend against. A very large number of the inhabitants of Ireland are disaffected, more or less, to the rule of England; but the governing class in Ireland is perfectly friendly to England.

The landed gentry, the professional classes, the trading community, with exceptions too few to deserve noticing, are all supporters of England, and of the union with England. Irish members of Parliament are perfectly loyal, and the electors of Irish members are quite willing to return men whose loyalty is above suspicion. In the same way there are many natives of Sicily and Naples who hate the new Italian Government, who think VICTOR EMMANUEL accursed, and who long to injure him and his Ministers and his troops, and everything belonging to him. But these men are not of the governing class of their provinces. The Sicilian and Neapolitan deputies are staunch supporters of the Government of Florence; and somehow Sicilian electors, although the suffrage is a popular one, are, whether by some happy controlling inspiration or by some shift of the ballot-box, all of the right way of thinking. But in Hungary the persons who are most jealous of Austria, who stand up most stoutly against the Imperial rule, are the principal landowners, the gentry, the professional class, so far as there is a professional class in so backward a country as Hungary. If Hungary is to have her local liberties restored to her, these men must be at the head of everything Hungarian. They must furnish the officials, both high and low; they must supply and control the intelligence of the country; they must see that done which the Government wants done, and has a right to have done under the terms of any arrangement that may be come to. If soldiers are to be conscribed, Government monopolies to be enforced, or taxes for the general purposes of the Empire to be collected, the only machinery for carrying out the aims of the central power must be that which the governing classes of Hungary will supply. The Hungarians would not for a moment endure that German officials should sell all the tobacco they were allowed to smoke, or that German commanders should determine on which inhabitants of a Hungarian village the dreaded lot of conscription should fall. Thus Austria, if the Hungarian Constitution is restored, will be a country obliged to employ, for all the more important purposes of Government, a machinery out of harmony with the views of those who set it in motion.

Then, again, in Austria there is no great preponderance of strength in favour of any one of her component parts as compared with the others. If the Hungarian element is strong, so is the German. There is no ruling and commanding power like that of England in the British Isles. The EMPEROR, if he makes terms with Hungary, is not free to authorize the bargain. He has to see that his German subjects are not too completely dissatisfied with what he has conceded and promised. The Hungarians resent this. They are not unwilling to discuss with their KING what relations should henceforth subsist between him and his subjects. They know that it is not reasonable to shut their eyes to the great advantages they derive from his rule over other territories, and they know that they cannot have this advantage absolutely for nothing. They are willing that Hungarians should fight in the Austrian army, and that Hungarian taxes should be paid into the Austrian Treasury. But it annoys them that the arrangements which they and their KING may come to for the furtherance of the objects they may have in common should be submitted to the consideration of outsiders—of persons who know nothing of Hungary, and have nothing to do with it. And yet this annoyance must necessarily be inflicted on them, and endured by them, if there is to be anything like a general Imperial Government. The Germans, the Bohemians, and the Poles over whom FRANCIS JOSEPH rules cannot be indifferent to the provisions for securing the common safety which Hungary may be content to adopt. The Hungarians, in their turn, are sure to scrutinize very closely the arrangements for the

general welfare which these outsiders may make, and would complain bitterly and justly if the contingent which the German provinces were to furnish to the Imperial army were so small that Hungary would bleed, and perhaps die, in order to defend her ungenerous neighbours. Therefore the end of all discussion and all meditation over the condition of Austria is that, for the arrangement of the common affairs of the Empire, there must be some central body in which the various Diets are represented. It is said that the project now in favour at Vienna is to have the members of this central body composed of delegates from the different Provincial Diets. This sounds a shade better than a proposal to revive the scheme of a central Parliament at Vienna. There is not nearly enough sympathy between the different parts of the Austrian Empire, and not nearly enough superiority in any one part over the others, to make a central Parliament possible. A conference of delegates from the different Diets, with power to bind the provinces they represent, sounds something less impracticable; but it is easy to ask, and very difficult to answer, how an agreement among these delegates can ever be brought about, and how the decisions of the majority can be enforced on any reluctant and powerful province of the minority, when the whole machinery of government in that province is in the hands of a class averse to the Imperial rule. Some experiment in politics must be made at all hazards and at any cost by Austria, for to stand still is to accept destruction; but even the best experiment that ingenuity can suggest is sure to be hazardous, and sure to be costly.

THE FENIANS.

EARLY in the autumn we anticipated that the coming winter would witness the renewal of Fenian disturbances in Ireland. Our anticipations seem but too likely to be fully realized. Every Irish correspondent of the daily papers has some new revelation of arms seized, of mysterious strangers prowling about the country, of companies drilling, of subsidies expected. Those Englishmen who were in the South of Ireland during the autumn found the temper of the lowest class, and of the class above that, anything but reassuring. The populace evidently had not abandoned all hope of a Fenian rising. And now the American newspapers inform us that ROBERTS is openly organizing a Fenian army in the United States, without let or hindrance from the Government. The belief that such external assistance would be given was clearly manifested by the demeanour of those who listened to Mr. BRIGHT at Dublin. The cries and interpellations of the Fenian operatives were as intelligible in their purport as the proclamation of the Hiberno-American chief. They both mean mischief, and probably, between them, they are not incapable of doing a great deal of mischief.

We have reason for believing that the *pièces de conviction* hitherto found are not as numerous as might have been discovered under a different system, and with different agents, of investigation. In the Protestant parts of Ireland there is an impression that every Romish member of the Constabulary is either at heart or by profession a Fenian, and bound not to find evidence of treason. This is, of course, one of the absurd exaggerations which spring from old antipathies of religion and of race. Considering the many associations of blood, of friendship, and of interest which hamper policemen as much as other mortals, it is not impossible that many members of the corps own a divided allegiance between the Government which employs them and the men who conspire against the Government. Some, indeed, may be Fenians at heart; but it is not necessary to explain, by a conscious collusion with treason, an inactivity which may be explained by friendship or by fear. Where policemen are few and Fenians many, it requires great courage, no less than great conscientiousness, to make discoveries and arrests. Owing to the prevalence of a seditious feeling, and to their own numerical weakness, it may well be that, in certain parts of the country, the policemen have not brought to light weapons which they well knew were lying concealed there. Nor, though it can scarcely have been without their connivance that STEPHENS effected his wonderful escape, need that connivance imply participation in the traitor's plots so much as fear of the traitor's friends.

Still, supposing that the majority of the police and all the army are staunch to the authority which they are engaged to support, the prospect is not a pleasant one. The bulk of the peasantry throughout two-thirds of the country either entirely disaffected to the English Government, or so little well-affected that they will not raise a hand in its defence; the small farmers not ill-affected indeed, but so terror-stricken that, were rebellion in the ascendant for two days,

they would be cowed into joining its ranks; the operatives more hostile and more defiant; the class of small tradesmen sullen and discontented; and the youth of a more educated class so bitter or so desperate as to reckon among the fair prospects of life the opportunities of advancement which might be afforded by a successful revolution—these are all pregnant elements of insurrection. When to these are added the sympathies and assistance of emigrant Irishmen, using the soil of a neutral State as the platform, and its politics as the lever, of their machinations against England, it hardly seems possible that the insurrection should not take a palpable form. Doubtless we deem the scheme as wild and insane as it is wantonly wicked. But those whom we may have to fight and to put down have their own views of our and their own position. We may recollect how, with a population not one-half of the present population of Great Britain, with discontent in our towns, hunger in our manufacturing cities, mutiny in our fleet, and disorganization in our army, with powerful and energetic enemies and lukewarm allies abroad, we put down an Irish rebellion on which every hostile Government had relied as the certain instrument of our overthrow. We may recollect these things, and take hope and courage from them. We may reflect that in the beginning of almost every struggle we have been unready, but in the end triumphant. We may remember, too, the unparalleled madness of a rebellion—such as this would be—concocted for the express purpose of dividing the property of the country among rebels, and may ask what imaginable infatuation could induce even men who have as little to lose as Irish tenants-at-will to engage in so frantic a scheme. And we may rely on that respect for the external decencies of international comity which must preclude any American Cabinet from giving open and avowed assistance to our enemies. We may entertain these reflections, and ask these questions; but our enemies on the other side of the Channel have their reflections and questions too. They have also a faith which a century of disillusion and disasters has not killed. They believe in the possibility of an enduring unity among themselves, inaccessible to the corruptions, and unassailable by the arms, of authority. They believe too in our weakness to an extent which none who had not heard them speak could dream to be possible. They have taken up in an exaggerated form the notion—which, originally generated on the European Continent, has received its most noticeable accretions in the speeches and writings of American politicians—that the English race, which, at a time when Ireland lay in forlorn and savage obscurity, first achieved signal military distinction for its own flag, and then was so little chary of its blood as to furnish the most conspicuous volunteers in every great European struggle between the fourteenth and the seventeenth centuries, has lost its pristine fibre, and become incapable of waging either offensive or defensive war. They believe that policemen and soldiers can equally be seduced from their loyalty. They believe and expect that a large body of self-expatriated Irishmen will effect a landing in Ireland, and that the Cabinet of the United States will facilitate and encourage an invasion of Canada. Deeper and more potent than these convictions and aspirations is the ineradicable animosity of caste and race, partly engendered by past misgovernment and obsolete persecution, partly by a childish and irrational sensitiveness. It is not that Ireland is poor, for the most incredulous doubter of facts and figures cannot but admit that Ireland has advanced greatly in wealth during the last quarter of a century. It is not that Irishmen do not get their fair share of employment under the Crown. A reference to the Army List shows that half the officers in high regimental commands are Irishmen; a reference to the Civil Service List, that Ireland has given a Governor-General to India, Governors to one-third of our colonies, and more Judges to the English Bench than there are Englishmen on the Irish Bench. It is not that Ireland is too heavily taxed, for Parliament has been unfairly lenient to her in the imposition of fiscal burdens. None of the ordinary reasons for disaffection can be assigned in the case of Ireland. Her grievances are of the sentimental kind, and spring rather from the development than from the diminution of her material prosperity. Such, however, as they are, they suffice to keep alive a rancorous malignity which, in its day, actual oppression failed to inspire. If an average middle-class Irishman were asked why he hated England, his answer would probably sound to us immeasurably absurd. It might probably be summed up in one homely phrase, "We are not 'thought enough of.'" It is, after all, the old story; the wound to national vanity is deeper and sorer than poverty, oppression, or cruelty. Ireland burns to assert her equality to England, and can see no better mode of doing it than forcing on her the awful alternative of civil war.

Of course, a conjuncture so critical demands other treatment than the ordinary palliatives. To talk of pacifying the frenzied irritation of an unreflecting people by concocting a new tenant-law, or fribbling away the revenues of the Established Church between Protestant landlords and Romish priests, is like prescribing mild diet and temperate habits to a patient tossing in the extremity of a hot fever. Action, and action of a kind entirely new to this generation, will probably have to be resorted to. Seventy years have passed since the United Kingdom saw the last embers of civil war. But everything suggests the apprehension that a revival of so dismal a spectacle may not be very far distant. The preparations known to be going on in Ireland, the language held by the Fenians in America, the importations of arms, and the words and looks of the peasantry in the South, all indicate an intensity of purpose which requires only opportunity to be developed into some overt act of rebellion. Already, it is said, the symptoms of last winter are repeating themselves. Some servants are threatening, and others are warning, their masters. Day-labourers are, in their ordinary talk, discounting the coming epoch of carnage and plunder, when every resident landlord or agent is to be shot, and his estate divided among the obscure descendants of barbarous Celtic chiefs. To expect that men of any property, any intelligence, any sense should throw their lot in with these Gracchi of the cabin and potato-plot seems to us a mysterious fatuity. But the fact that such expectations are entertained only shows how wide the epidemic has spread. It could not, indeed, have spread so wide had it not been for the conviction, which we have already stated to exist among the credulous peasantry, that the English army is weak, and tainted with disloyalty. It is on the difficulties of recruiting and the presumed inadequacy of our military strength that half the confidence of Irish rebellion now rests. We may thank both our own communicativeness and the envy of our enemies for a belief which the first appeal to arms would doubtless dispel. English soldiers are particularly jealous of any suspicion of their loyalty, and would ardently seek an opportunity of repelling an imputation which they felt to be insulting and unjust. And Irish soldiers, even if they constituted the majority of any regiment, would require very strong guarantees of safety and promotion before they took the desperate step of turning against the officers by whom they had been long commanded. As for the English people, he would make a great mistake who supposed that the good-humoured clemency of their character made them averse to the thorough prosecution of a war which had been deliberately thrust upon them. They are not fond of bloodshed, and do not rejoice in the wanton oppression of an alien race. But, although they may be tolerant of journalistic insolence and platform invective, they will not endure the infliction of an injury, complicated with insult and ingratitude. The loss of character which would result from the separation of Ireland would be enough of itself to rouse the indignation of every educated Englishman. But the actual injury which the independence of Ireland could not fail to cause would animate all classes and conditions with one common spirit of resistance. Ireland independent, Ireland the fulcrum of American attacks or the forcing-house of Continental intrigue, Ireland the invariable ally of every foe to England, Ireland assailing us in every war, and conspiring against us in every peace—there is not an Englishman capable of sober and honest thought who would not devote his purse and his person to ward off so disastrous a consummation. The first battle-note that sounded on the Liffey or the Shannon would rouse a resolution little dreamed of by our neighbours; and the first slight triumph of a rebel force over English arms would send a wildfire of exasperation throughout the country which nothing short of condign punishment could quell. The English in a conflict and the English looking on at a conflict are two different nations, as different as the actors in the Indian mutiny and the writers at home about the Indian mutiny. Those who have judged of their clemency by the action of the Jamaica Committee, and those who have insidiously tried to pervert the unfortunate errors of Mr. EYRE into an argument against the just exercise of executive authority, would be equally startled by the alacrity with which Englishmen would rush to a conflict for the vindication of English honour and greatness. Nor would England fight the battle single-handed. A struggle begun by the kerns of Munster would call up the indomitable spirit of the North; and Englishmen would find on Irish soil an ally as staunch and true as themselves, but perhaps less merciful.

SPAIN.

THE conjecture that a revolution is imminent in Spain may perhaps be falsified by the event; for the periodical mutinies of the Spanish army are so unintelligible that the existence of legitimate causes of discontent may perhaps render rebellion less probable. The soldier cares little for civil tyranny, less for religious persecution, and not at all for the discouragement or suppression of liberal education. In a generation which has forgotten the ancient English jealousy of standing armies, it is worth while to observe the condition of a country in which political changes depend almost entirely on military caprice. As long as the troops are kept in good humour, a Spanish Minister regards with perfect indifference the eloquence of opponents in the Cortes and the hostility of the population. Thirty years ago the QUEEN was opposed, as the chosen representative of Constitutional Government, to a legitimate Pretender. If the male descendants of PHILIP V. had not been utterly effete, they might have revived their claims with some hope of success when their own system is re-established under their successful rival. Had WILLIAM III. appointed Roman Catholic prelates and Heads of Colleges, or had LOUIS PHILIPPE suppressed newspapers by Royal ordinance, Queen ISABELLA would have been enabled to quote paradoxical precedents for her anomalous despotism. There appear to be no definite limits to the pretensions of the Crown, and perhaps, in a country where constitutional principles have not yet taken root, occasional encroachments of the prerogative might be readily endured if they were regarded as irregular methods of accelerating reform. But the decrees of the present Ministry are as retrograde in character as they are illegal in form. In defiance of existing laws, the clergy are practically entrusted with the control of education; and the secular interests of the country are avowedly postponed to spiritual or ecclesiastical objects. The State is directed by a cabal consisting of a soldier of fortune, an unscrupulous political adventurer, a confessor, a miraculous nun, and an august personage who is certainly not a nun. As Spanish orthodoxy implies no violent attachment either to religion or to the Church, there can be no doubt that the intelligent classes utterly disapprove of the present Government and its policy. The QUEEN is said to have replied to prudent warnings by the selfish and feminine argument that her earthly fortunes matter nothing in comparison with her salvation. It would be useless to represent to a devout penitent the profound immorality of her rule of conduct; but her subjects might reply that they at least care more for the moral and material welfare of sixteen millions of Spaniards than even for a royal soul. GEORGE III.'s Coronation Oath was a trifling inconvenience in comparison with the scruples of a priest-ridden QUEEN, and the Protestant bigot had the merit of believing that he was discharging a public duty rather than a personal obligation. It is said that the QUEEN has promised to withdraw her Minister from Florence if the POPE leaves Rome, but a national recognition can no more be withdrawn than the admission of a litigant. No suspension of diplomatic relations can again render the Kingdom of Italy invisible to Spanish eyes.

Although, to a hasty observer, all Spanish statesmen present many features of mutual resemblance, NARVAEZ is not to be placed on the same level with his immediate predecessor. Both have at different times headed military rebellions, but O'DONNELL, notwithstanding many errors, cherished a lofty ambition, not exclusively directed to his own aggrandizement. At a time when his services were thought to be indispensable, he forced upon the reluctant QUEEN the recognition of the Italian Kingdom, with the consequence, and probably with the purpose, of asserting the independence of Spain against the See of Rome. During O'DONNELL's tenure of power, Sister PATROCINIO was kept at a distance from the palace, and the State was not openly placed in subordination to the Church. In his external policy O'DONNELL was less successful, as he involved the country in a useless and abortive enterprise in San Domingo, and in an unnecessary and unfortunate war with the South American Republics. Shortly before his retirement from power, he showed a disposition to prepare for the emancipation of the negroes in Cuba, and he took some preliminary steps towards the suppression of the slave trade. He may perhaps regard with complacency the violence and the rashness of the present Government, inasmuch as it gives him a chance of returning to power. His rival, General PRIM, would be preferred as a leader by the party of progress, but the failure of the last insurrection is discouraging to an agitator who suffers the disadvantage of being an exile. It is possible that the next movement may assume a more revolutionary character, and

few Spanish Generals will allow their prospects of power to be compromised by obstinate fidelity to a discredited dynasty.

Marshal NARVAEZ and his colleagues, being aware that devotion to the Church is not the most popular of virtues, announce, through their organs, the preparation of various measures of commercial and administrative reform. As GONZALEZ BRAVO is the principal author of the fiscal discredit of Spain, the Government of which he is an important member will not command the confidence of capitalists or of traders. The national finances are utterly disorganized, but the material prosperity of the country has perhaps not been seriously affected by political changes. Past misgovernment and anarchy are a mine of wealth to posterity when tolerable order has at last been established. The age of ISABELLA II. is better than the age of CHARLES IV. and of FERDINAND VII., although there may have been little moral advance in the highest regions of the State. The secularization of the Church property, and the cessation of foreign and civil war, have probably, within the compass of the present reign, doubled the wealth of the nation; and further prospects of improvement are opened by the tardy extension of railways, by which a considerable part of Spain is at length connected with the rest of Europe. The long delay in the construction of railways was principally occasioned by the dishonesty of the Government to foreign creditors, and the same cause still impedes the completion of the system. The loss which has been sustained by the postponement is probably equal to the amount of the repudiated or unpaid debt; but the railways which are now open, whether they are profitable or not to their proprietors, cannot fail to enrich the country. Mr. DUDLEY BAXTER, in his elaborate and able paper on railway extension, has shown that in England and France the development, not only of internal traffic, but of imports and exports, has borne a regular proportion to the development of railways. In both countries the increase of foreign trade has become slower whenever railway extension has, for any reason, been interrupted. France, as well as England, was provided with good roads and with an extensive system of canals before the introduction of railways; but Spain has hitherto been exceptionally deficient in means of internal communication. The Ministers and great dignitaries of State show unusual wisdom in attending a festival opening of the line which at last extends beyond the Spanish frontier as far as Lisbon. If the population experiences a sudden burst of prosperity, it may perhaps not inquire too curiously into the impediments which successive Governments have offered to the earlier construction of railways.

The larger or smaller part of human ills which kings can cause or cure varies greatly with the material condition of a community. A general diffusion of wealth and comfort has often created a royal or ministerial reputation, and a French historian epigrammatically remarks that the end of the wars of the League took the name of HENRY IV., while the overthrow of the great feudal chiefs by RICHELIEU and MAZARIN took that of LOUIS XIV. If Queen ISABELLA can retain the loyalty of her army to the end of her reign, she also may perhaps become the legendary patroness of a partially golden age, which she in vain strove to alloy with military iron or monastic lead. At present she seems to be employed in submitting monarchy to a crucial test. If her spiritual advisers and her courtiers fail to unseat her from her throne, the Spanish House of BOURBON may, except in the case of a disputed succession, almost consider itself safe from disaffection. No future sovereign can put the national patience to a severer test. The QUEEN'S kinsman at Naples failed in a similar experiment; but Spain has no national unity to achieve, nor is Portugal either able or willing to act the part of Piedmont. It may perhaps appear that Spaniards have no serious objection to arbitrary arrests, or to the deportation or execution of political opponents of the Government; and even if the nation is dissatisfied, the dynasty may still be safe if reliance can be placed upon the army. A large number of non-commissioned officers who might have mutinied for promotion have been disposed of by court-martial, and NARVAEZ may perhaps be able to rely on their successors; yet, on a calculation of chances, it seems likely that there will soon be an opening for PRIM or O'DONNELL.

NEXT MONDAY.

IF the days of chivalry are over, the manners of the *vieille cour* survive, or have been revived. It has been said that a sensible deterioration has of late years come over the habits and intercourses of society, and that the stately and stilted politeness of yore departed with the eighteenth century.

Whether this is, on the whole, a matter of regret, may be a question; but the present week may reassure those who lament the roughness of the times. Since the days of Lords NOODLE and DOODLE there has not been so elaborate an exhibition of the high formalities and minuet graces as the recent interviews between Ministers and the Trades' Societies. Whether Mr. POTTER and Mr. HARTWELL attended at Downing Street in bag wigs and buckles, or whether Mr. COFFEY for the occasion sported the Forester's picturesque slouch hat and brown buskins, we are not informed; but the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS certainly showed that he was a MANNERS in something more than name, and Mr. WALPOLE handled his lachrymatory with the courtly grace of Sir PLUME himself. It is all very reassuring and very satisfactory. We are all on our very best behaviour. The gentlemen whose logic is only the terrorism of numbers, and who have organized a monster procession two hundred thousand strong to take possession of London, and who are engaged in a demonstration which, as far as we understand the law of England, is illegal, have been received at the Home Office on terms of perfect equality as high contracting parties to an arrangement or understanding, or whatever the phrase may be for a treaty between the Government and the Trades' Unions. How much is actually agreed upon, and how much is left to the chapter of accidents, the amiability and forbearance of the roughs—and it seems almost a pity that this interesting body of the QUEEN'S subjects was not represented and admitted to conference—or to the possible intervention of Jupiter Pluvius, is not so clear. But we are all in high spirits, and we are all determined that next Monday shall be a great success. Everybody has combined to be in the best possible humour. A Tory peer has, with the greatest courtesy, placed his grounds at the disposal of the demonstrators; though it is said that Beaufort House is not, strictly speaking, Lord RANELAGH'S to lend, being the property of a Volunteer regiment. However, he seizes the occasion to let off some claptrap, and a bad pun which must long have oppressed him. And as to the Mall in St. James's Park, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Belgravia, these unimportant districts, and all that them inhabit, are left with the assurance that a warning has been given "of the consequences and the probability of disturbances taking place." Under these circumstances, we must all be very timorous if our Sunday night's slumbers are not calm and deep. The HOME SECRETARY has announced that "the procession will not be unnecessarily interfered with"; and Mr. GEORGE POTTER has assured the right honourable gentleman—we are sure, with entire sincerity—that "every member of the Trades' and Friendly Societies would feel it his duty to assist the police in putting down any disturbance." The common feature in this courteous understanding is the assumption of the imminent probability of what is called disturbance. Speaking vaguely, this contemplated disturbance in a population of two millions and a half, in the darkest and shortest days of the year, and this recognition of an element ominously called "rough," are perhaps scarcely consoling. But, as we suppose, the cause of order will in the long run triumph, and the spectacle of an Odd Fellow collaring a window-breaker, and a Forester, plumed and booted proper, tackling a pickpocket, will make amends for what, if we did not know the high moral and political value of the incident, would otherwise look like a running fight, throughout a December day, between two sections of the population of London.

As far, therefore, as we understand the prospects of next Monday, the parties to the Demonstration are these:—First, the processionists, consisting of the Trades' Unions—representing nearly every body of workmen; "the compositors will," so says the *Beehive*, "have the unenviable distinction of being absent." This is a distinction which, whether unenviable or not, the compositors, being a literary body, may perhaps remember has a certain Roman precedent with which they may console themselves. About fifty of these bodies are to be represented; some of them, it is announced, are to make a "scenic display." The farriers will furnish a contingent of cavalry; and triumphal chariots will contain deputations from the Councils of the Reform League and the Manchester Reform Union. Here the scenic display will be enhanced if Mr. BEALES appears in a toga, and if, *more majorum*, the images of FEARGUS O'CONNOR, Orator HUNT, and of course SIDNEY and HAMPDEN, are duly displayed. It is creditable to all concerned that one banner inscribed "Reform and Revolution," which it was proposed to display, has been denounced by Mr. BEALES, who, tolerably mild, is only at present prepared to adopt "the preliminary step of not paying the taxes should the People's demand for Reform be not

"granted." After the Trades' Unions will march the Friendly Societies—"Foresters, various Courts; Odd Fellows; Sons of Progress; Sons of Phoenix; True Britons; Good Samaritans," &c. And nobody will be admitted to the grounds of Beaufort House without a twopenny ticket. The route has been fixed. St. James's Park is to be occupied in force. The carriages are to be drawn up in Waterloo Place, opposite the Duke of York's Monument; the procession or proletariat army is to march past the clubs, and through a quarter specially chosen for the purpose (so Mr. POTTER avows) of giving Lord DERBY a lesson. As the shades of early evening fall, the whole of the West of London will be in the keeping of a quarter of a million of men, who by that time will have degenerated into a footsore weary mob, wholly incapable of acting, however well disposed, against the lively spirits of mischief and rapine which such a day is sure to call from every slum and home of crime. And if the Monday work goes on well, or whether it goes on well or not, the whole is to be wound up with a Mass Meeting, to be held on Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall, at which Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. FORSTER, it is announced, have consented to attend. It is to be observed that in the Monday's proceedings the Reform League is only indirectly represented. The trade of sedition and agitation is not officially recognised by the Unionists. The Leaguers form part of the procession, but only as honoured guests. Yet it must not be inferred that Mr. BEALES has handed over his work to Mr. POTTER. Monday's procession is only an interlude and holiday intercalated in more serious work. "The branches of the Reform League" are ordered—we quote their organ, a newspaper called the *Commonwealth*—"to husband their resources for the great National Demonstration to be held in London at the opening of Parliament"; in connection with which it is suggested "that Reformers should 'go to Westminster Hall with their petitions in 'favour of Reform, having previously asked Mr. BRIGHT, 'Mr. TAYLOR, and other members to stand on the steps of 'the Hall to receive them—which can in no ways be construed into a public meeting or intimidation, even if 10,000 persons went to Westminster Hall." On this great occasion "the League tricolours are to be adopted; blue for Scotland, red for England, and green for the Emerald Isle."

These, then, are our immediate and remote prospects as to the peace and happiness of the capital during the winter. They must be taken for what they are worth. As to the Trades' Union Demonstration, if it stood alone, it would be of little significance. The artisans of London are not for a moment to be confounded with the roughs. If the flood of working-men could flow on without the scum and wreck and tangled weeds which are sure to sweep on with it, the whole thing would, at the worst, be only a nonsensical sort of argument. A Monday's holiday is always welcome in London. Notwithstanding all the bad taste and vulgarity of a trades' procession, it may be owned that bands of music and flags, and dingy Foresters, and even BEALES M.A. in a barouche, with all the drawbacks of fog, frippery, and mud, though they may fall short of a Lord Mayor's Day, are better than staying at home. And as regards the Trades' Unions, while we have serious differences with them as to their policy in business matters, we certainly acquit them of any design against the public peace. If they are left alone, they will only ruin England by their deplorable ignorance of political economy and of the true policy of labour. But they no more want a political *débâcle* than we do. They have, happily, a stake in the country. And among the mounted Farriers and dismounted Samaritans—each of them, according to Scriptural precedent, ought to appear with "his own beast"—there is as much loyalty to their country as among any other class of Englishmen. Of the twenty, or two hundred, thousand men who are to flock to Beaufort House on Monday, the worst that can be said is that they are only rather silly to exchange a day's honest wages for a very unpromising sort of holiday. They are on their good behaviour, and we have no doubt that they will behave very well. Whether other people, who are not Unionists nor Odd Fellows, will behave equally well, remains to be seen. But, apart from all this, one broad consideration remains. What is it all about, and what is it all for? What is the Demonstration to demonstrate, and what is the procession to proceed for? One, and one only, principle stands out clear from all the meetings and preachings of the Reform League—and the connection between the Trade Demonstration and the Leaguers is acknowledged by the place of honour awarded to BEALES M.A.—and this principle is manhood suffrage. Mr. BRIGHT, in all his speeches, walks gingerly about and about this awkward and stubborn fact. Not a word is said about it

by the Unionists. But there it is. Manhood suffrage was what the July meeting in Hyde Park meant; manhood suffrage is what this Trades' Unions Demonstration means, or it means nothing. The wire-pullers know this, though, prudently, they keep it just now in the background. Now, manhood suffrage means giving a vote, not only to your Odd Fellows and your Foresters, but to your rough—to the very man from whom you expect, as you admit, a disturbance on Monday. And we need hardly ask Farriers and Foresters, Samaritans or Tinplate-workers, whether their interests and the interest of the roughs are exactly identical? To say nothing of the 4,000,000l. which the Odd Fellows tell us they have got invested in the Funds, we must remind them that universal suffrage will transfer political power, not to them, but to them and the roughs. And then it will only be the old story of the brass pot and the crockery pot. The supremacy of roughs means the annihilation of capital and manufacture; and, with capital useless and manufacture paralysed, where would be trade? And when trade ceases to exist, the exact function and future of Trades' Unions is a problem which the demonstrators of Monday next may find it useful to ponder during their dreary tramp to Beaufort House.

MEXICO.

ACCORDING to recent intelligence, the Emperor MAXIMILIAN at the end of last month returned to his capital; and it is evident, therefore, that the wild rumours of his immediate abdication were unfounded. That he had run away to the coast like a frightened schoolboy, when the big General CASTELNAU was coming, was, for the moment, universally admitted. Several more minute newsmongers went on to state that he had embarked on board an Austrian frigate, that he had made his way to the Havanna—the exact sum which he had in his pocket being precisely known, and confidently stated—and that he was probably coming by the Southampton steamer to report himself, and the reasons of his abdication, to the intelligent British public. What appears really to have happened is this. At the same time that he learnt the object of General CASTELNAU's mission, and knew that all French support was to be immediately withdrawn from him, he received the sad news of the fearful affliction under which the EMPRESS was suffering. In order to consider his position, to avoid the appearance of receiving in person the orders of General CASTELNAU and Marshal BAZAINE, and to pass in private the first moments of his bitter grief over the terrible malady of his wife, he retired to Orizaba, one of the very few places in his wretched dominions to which he could retire without adding to his misery. Whether this retirement was well-judged, or not, can only be determined by those who know the relations which he has held with the French during the last few months. But, in any case, it was very natural. Any husband might have been overwhelmed with hearing such tidings of his wife; but the memory of what our QUEEN went through on the death of the PRINCE CONSORT teaches us with what an aggravated force the burden of domestic affliction falls on crowned heads. This husband and wife had passed two years together in a foreign land, exposed to calamities, to mortifications, to hourly danger, and cut off by their station from every friend except that which each was to the other. How agonizing this life of lonely grandeur must have been may be imagined from the effect it has produced on the courageous and lofty mind of the EMPRESS; and although the lot of the EMPEROR was easier to bear, because every moment of his time was occupied, while the EMPRESS had only to wait and to endure, yet the EMPEROR could not fail to feel keenly the final blow which has crushed his hopes of happiness. But a few days of calm reflection seem to have shown him that his task, however ungrateful, was not ended, and that he had a duty to himself and to his people which no dread of new humiliation and no anguish of private sorrow could exempt him from discharging. It was not for him to run away in silence after having six weeks before recorded a solemn public promise that he would abide by the choice he had made, and would cast in his fortunes with those of the people that had called him to reign over them.

Two sets of circumstances alone could justify him in abdicating. Either the Americans might force him to go, or his own subjects might show him that they would submit to his Mexican enemies rather than fight them. If the Americans are prepared to use their overpowering strength to make him go, he must go, and no one can blame him for going. The Americans can occupy Mexico as easily as the Prussians occupied Frankfort, and the EMPEROR must yield as inevitably,

and may yield as honourably, as the Senate of Frankfort yielded to the decrees of the irresistible BISMARCK. It now appears not improbable that the Americans will be impelled by the force of circumstances to carry their intervention to its proper termination, and will really occupy Mexico. It is much easier to begin intervention than to stop it, and step by step the Government of Washington has intervened in Mexican affairs more and more distinctly. The few Americans who know anything of Mexico, and the many Americans who wish that the foreign policy of their country should be temperate and just, are perfectly aware that the true interests of America demanded that the EMPEROR should be allowed to consolidate his power in Mexico. But the popular voice proclaimed too loudly that Mexico must not be left alone until the insult offered by the creation of a neighbouring Empire in the hour of American weakness was wiped out. The Government was honestly inclined to be neutral, but the people was not. The vast majority, who would have been content to remain passive, thought the small minority who were bent on action too much in the right to deserve repression. The Northern provinces have in this way been taken away from the Empire, and CORONA, supported and supplied from San Francisco, has reduced the Imperial possessions on the Pacific to the tiny spot of ground which a harassed French garrison holds within the fortifications of Mazatlan. Even this, however, was not enough, and the PRESIDENT conceived it to be prudent or necessary to show that he could make the French withdraw altogether. Mr. SEWARD gave the order, and France obeyed. But then came the difficulty that America, if thus openly interfering with Mexico, must appear to be dealing with some one entitled to represent Mexico. The bold measure was accordingly taken of decreeing that JUAREZ was the only legitimate representative of Mexico, and ORTEGA was actually prevented by force from asserting his claim to the Presidency. Then, if JUAREZ is to be treated as the true representative of Mexico, he must have an actual dominion in some measure corresponding with his pretensions. He must be protected as well as recognised; and as it is certain that he cannot be protected without the threat or exercise of force, an American army of occupation would appear to be the natural fruit of the recognition accorded to him. The mission of General SHERMAN represents the threat of force; and if it be true that he is to go to Vera Cruz, where JUAREZ cannot possibly be, and which is held by the French on behalf of the EMPEROR, the threat has taken a most singular form. Whether the exercise of force will follow is probably not known even to General SHERMAN himself, or to those who have sent him to Mexico. But it is difficult to see how the Americans can now stop. It would make them ridiculous if they allowed their intervention in favour of JUAREZ to come to nothing; and it must come to nothing unless they first give JUAREZ his capital by making the EMPEROR abdicate, and then drive away or shut up all rival claimants as they have disposed of ORTEGA. Thus an American Protectorate of Mexico is not improbable, but no one can say how or when it will begin, or how long it will last; for it must be remembered that a prolonged armed intervention would be very distasteful to the bulk of American citizens. It would be quite alien to their traditions, and would add greatly to their political perplexities.

The EMPEROR would also be perfectly justified in abdicating if he could make himself sure that no considerable portion of his subjects was willing to fight for him. His reign has conclusively shown that the respectable portion of Mexican society will not fight for the cause of order. They do not even like paying for being safe, and they certainly will not risk their lives in order to protect them. Nor is this the result of any of the mistakes which he has made, or is said to have made, in politics. Now that he is not very successful, he is blamed, as all unsuccessful men are sure to be blamed. He was introduced into the country by the friends of the Church, who in an evil hour for France, persuaded the Empress EUGENIE to save her soul, as the Queen of SPAIN expresses the process, at the cost of the bodies of other people, and send French soldiers to fight for the good clerical cause on the other side of the Atlantic. But the EMPEROR, when he got to Mexico, would not put himself into the hands of the party of the priests. He even went so far as to conciliate and consult their enemies more than he did his own original supporters. Now that his star is sinking, Mexicans blame him for this, and say that he is unsuccessful because he has alienated his friends. But it is very doubtful whether he has done himself any injury by the course he has taken. But for the American intervention last year on the Rio Grande, he would have established himself in Mexico; and, after the Americans began to inter-

vene, nothing could save him except a military success against those who were prompted by their new hopes to rise against him. If he had been the best friend of the Church party possible, this would have done him no good in the field of battle. Mexicans of the higher orders, those in the ranks of society that complain of him, do not fight at all. The common people will fight on any side, and for any creed, and on behalf of any person, so long as they are well led, moderately paid, and think it possible they may win. If the EMPEROR could have got together a decent army, under European officers, and provided himself with a little money, he might have succeeded, not against a nominee of the United States, but against any ordinary Liberal brigand chief. But now it is scarcely possible that any soldiers he might get together would believe he was likely to succeed, and desertions from the little Mexican army he has are of daily occurrence. If respectable Mexicans will not fight for him, or for any one else, and humble Mexicans leave his standards in large bodies because they have calculated that to leave them is safer than to defend them, he cannot help himself. He may retire to Miramar as soon as he likes; but it is quite right that he should assure himself that things have come to this last extreme, or that an American occupation is really intended. If he retires, it is at least right that he should retire with decency and self-respect. Probably he may now have left, but it is to be hoped that he left in a manner worthy of him, and after a proper announcement of his intentions.

REPRESENTATION OF LARGE TOWNS.

THE present Ministers ought, for obvious reasons, to study every possible improvement of detail in their expected Reform Bill. Their predecessors were content to have the honesty and general efficiency of their Bill certified by the great Birmingham inspector; but, as Mr. DISRAELI will receive few compliments for honesty, he will do well to rely on good workmanship. The provisions of former Bills for increasing the representation of great towns have almost always been rude and unsatisfactory. In one of his measures Lord JOHN RUSSELL, with the best intentions, proposed to allow each elector but two votes in the choice of three members; but in 1866 the proposal was not revived, nor will general opinion sanction any ostentatious contrivance for the protection of minorities. Whatever is unaccustomed and unintelligible is, in a certain sense, unconstitutional, for, although historical accident is one of the most valuable elements of political organization, deliberate imitation or reproduction of casual anomalies shocks the sense of natural propriety. Mr. HARE and his less ingenious rivals are never likely to rise above the rank of Utopian projectors. In the several constituencies of the future, as of the past, majorities will possess, not only supremacy, but monopoly; and the weaker party must, if possible, redress the balance by equally exclusive predominance in some other district. The additional members that will be allotted to the great Northern and Midland towns ought to be returned, according to the old constitutional fashion, in pairs; and there is no reason why Manchester and Leeds should not be divided, like Lancashire and the West Riding, into separate electoral districts. In every large town, the local distribution of buildings indicates the possibility of giving the principal sections of the community separate representatives of their own. It would be absurd and unjust that the manufacturers and tradesmen of a great town should have no voice in the House of Commons, and it is urgently necessary that the artisans should also have a voice in the selection of members. As the premises which give votes to the different classes generally stand apart, there would be an obvious convenience in dividing the great cities into smaller boroughs, with specific characters of their own. Mr. BRIGHT and other zealous Reformers are in the habit of dilating on the rateable value as well as the population of places which are supposed to be imperfectly represented. If wealth constitutes any claim to electoral power, it would seem that its owners ought to possess votes which may be effective as well as nominal.

All boroughs are divided into wards for municipal purposes, and consequently the more substantial inhabitants can, if they think fit, always secure a share of the corporate representation. The High Street, the Market-place, and the suburban villas are not necessarily swamped by the alleys and the houses of Freehold Land Societies. The same principle might, in large towns, be easily applied to the arrangement of Parliamentary constituencies. Hitherto the plan has only been tried in London, unless contiguous towns like Manchester and Salford, or Devonport and Plymouth, may be considered to

form an exception. The Metropolitan Boroughs, however, are severally populous cities, the Tower Hamlets being the largest borough in the kingdom. In all of them, with the doubtful exception of the City, the poorer class of electors exercises irresistible power, and consequently, although several of the members are respectable in character and ability, their political opinions or professions are entirely monotonous. Mr. MILL, Mr. LAYARD, and Mr. HUGHES are creditable representatives; but their character and ability would have no effect in securing their seats, unless they happened to hold the opinions which please the humblest class of their constituents. In the borough of Marylebone, which is probably the richest electoral district in Europe, the possessors of property and knowledge find it absolutely useless to interfere in the elections. In the large provincial towns there is greater variety, for Leeds and Liverpool return three Conservatives out of four members, and the candidate who headed the poll at Manchester at the general election formally declined to attend the Reform meeting of last week. The working-classes ought to have the opportunity of returning a certain number of members, without depriving capital and commerce of all voice in the elections. Mr. BRIGHT himself might hesitate to disfranchise the whole body of merchants and millowners, especially as no relatives or connections of the aristocracy are likely to creep in among trading magnates. In Continental cities, as in England in former times, there is often a resident nobility or gentry; but no idler possessing independent means willingly lives in the smoke and noise of Manchester or of Birmingham. In all the manufacturing or commercial towns in the kingdom there are not a dozen persons who could claim near kinship with the peerage.

After the experience of 1859, Mr. DISRAELI is not likely to repeat the blunder of attempting to deprive freeholders in Parliamentary boroughs of their county votes. The argument for the change was plausible, but it was rash to attempt the partial disfranchisement of a powerful class. It must never be forgotten, even by unwilling Reformers, that the only intelligible object of any Reform Bill is to increase popular power. It may be prudent to accompany concessions, to a certain extent, with practicable safeguards; but lateral Reform, as it has been called, conciliates no class or party which requires any constitutional change. In the debates of last Session, Mr. DISRAELI showed, by the importance which he attached to the determination of the boundaries of boroughs, that he still inclined to a sharp separation between the borough and county constituencies. It is, however, for many reasons desirable that town and country should gradually shade into one another, and that the frontier lines of parties and of constituencies should not coincide too closely. There is not the same objection to a subdivision of overgrown boroughs, as the members would still exclusively represent a town population; and the Government would be justified in introducing a novelty, because it will be impossible to reject the claim of the large towns to a certain number of additional members. The unicorn counties have produced but moderately satisfactory results, and there is a danger, if any larger number than three is allotted to a constituency, of introducing the American system of party tickets. Eight or nine candidates standing independently of one another would suggest arithmetical problems in the doctrine of chances which could only be solved by self-appointed committees and their professional agents. When only two seats are contested, it is comparatively possible for the electors to exercise their discretion and to consider personal qualifications.

It will probably be necessary to increase the number of metropolitan members, by erecting Chelsea and Kensington into a borough, and by subdividing the Tower Hamlets. The enormous population of London would, under a system of electoral districts, be entitled to outvote or to balance Scotland. A few years ago the House of Commons rejected, by a decisive majority, the attempt to create a single additional metropolitan borough; and although the quality of the representation has since improved, any large concession to the capital would be regarded with general disfavour. As the real objection would sound invidious, Liberal members profess to suspect their London colleagues of a tendency to local jobbery; and there can be no doubt that a member who is within omnibus reach of all his constituents may be subjected to exceptional pressure. If, however, the pretext were removed, the objection would remain, so that the Government may rely on general support in resisting any extensive demand on the part of the metropolis. If London contained sixty boroughs, each of 50,000 inhabitants, the hundred and twenty members would give precisely the same pledges on the hustings, although they would in some

cases reconsider their opinions before they gave their votes in the House. Experience shows that other cities possess comparative variety and independence of character, although it is possible that the approaching extension of the franchise may tend to reduce them to metropolitan uniformity. Some theorists have proposed to surrender the representation of the great manufacturing towns absolutely to the working-classes, by giving them household suffrage, while the smaller boroughs still retained some limitation dependent on rental. The capitalists, the manufacturers, and the tradesmen of Manchester might, however, not unreasonably object to exceptional disfranchisement. An equitable adjustment of Parliamentary wards or districts would give all classes a fair chance of representation, and it could not be regarded as an evasion of the principle of Reform. The necessary information might easily be procured by Government before the commencement of the Session.

ITALY AND ROME.

THE evacuation of Rome cannot be delayed much longer without an evasion or an infraction of the famous Convention of September, and there is no reason to think that it is either the EMPEROR's interest or his wish to break his word. Every day the theory of French occupations is growing more and more unpopular in France; the nation, upon the whole, is glad to be rid of Mexico, and will not be sorry to be quit of Rome. The abandonment of the Convention at this period would be equivalent in their eyes to a relapse of twenty years, and a return to the old blunder which has involved France in difficulty and expense. The POPE, therefore, in all probability, will have to face his new situation, and to meet it as he best can. Upon one important point the September Treaty, as will be remembered, is absolutely silent. In the first and most famous Article, Italy agrees not to attack the Pontifical territory herself, and to prevent all attack upon it *from without*. For what may happen *within* the Holy City no formal provision has been made, and so far the treaty deserves to be styled what an Italian statesman styled it, *un traité en bon accord sur tout, sauf sur les bases*. But the intentional omission is explained by the liberty of action which, in the event of all unforeseen contingencies, NAPOLEON III. was careful to reserve for himself, and to concede to Italy. In the preliminary negotiation that took place at Vichy, HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY expressed a strong desire to be freed from the moral responsibility of any Roman disorder that might follow the French withdrawal, and it was upon this very ground that he insisted upon the transfer of the capital to Florence, as an absolute necessity. France and Italy understood sufficiently what he meant. The change of metropolis effected nearly two years back, though not a formal renunciation of the idea of a Roman capital, is a practical movement in the very opposite direction. The French EMPEROR has no objection to a rose-water revolution underneath the walls of the Vatican, provided Europe is not startled by the scandal of a forcible usurpation on the part of the King of ITALY. And he has secured a portion of his wish. Italy seems likely to become contented with Florence, and, except as a cry and a programme, cares little about Rome for its metropolis.

The differences between the POPE and Italy, to the settlement of which so much time and labour has been devoted by both the French and the Italian Government, may be divided into two heads. There are the difficulties that have to do with the temporal power and the territorial pretensions of the Holy See. And, above and beyond these, there is the fertile crop of dissension and disunion arising from the reactionary religious doctrines of the Vatican on the one side, and the threatened progress of secular Italian legislation on the other. The two branches of difficulties are in reality distinct, though the animosity engendered by the discussion of the one tends to embitter and envenom all controversy about the other. The Roman question is attracting the most attention in England and upon the Continent, but in truth it will be the more easily settled of the two. Much of its embarrassment and perplexity springs from the extraordinary prejudices of Pio Nono, who, like GEORGE III., is always worrying himself on the wrong occasion about his Coronation Oath. Had he died within the twelve months which the eminent pair of doctors sent out to look at him by NAPOLEON III. gave him, two years ago, as a limit, it is probable that a new Pontiff would have been found to take a sounder, more historical, and less arbitrary view of the POPE's title to his patrimony. As Pio Nono has been incurably obstinate, and gone on living long after he should have died, it becomes necessary to remodel all the calculations, and to consider if any com-

promise is attainable between the claims of Italy and the extravagant ideas of the Papacy. Upon one point no compromise is possible. The Romans have a moral right to free Constitutional Government, if they choose to ask for it; and to seize it if it is refused. So far the sympathies of Europe are clearly with them. But upon the subject of the Italian capital, the project suggested four years ago by M. AZEGLIO, and approved by some of the wisest heads in Italy since, deserves to be taken into account. The cry of "Rome for Capital" is not so old that we cannot recollect from what quarter it originally came. It is Mazzinian in its origin, it was forced by the revolutionary party upon CAVOUR and every subsequent Italian Government, and it rests upon nothing except a wild sentiment. In his *Questioni Urgenti*, and in every speech and writing published by him during the remainder of his life, M. AZEGLIO denounced the idea as extravagant and dangerous; and though his utterances upon the subject were unpopular, Italian opinion has undergone no slight modification about them during the last two years. M. PERSIGNY and the French are of course interested parties—too anxious to tide quietly over the Papal difficulty to be altogether impartial judges of what is best for the country. There can, however, be but little doubt that Rome is no fit metropolis for a great and growing people. It is not, indeed, on that account the less essential that Rome should become Italian. In the first place, the unity of Italy can never be said to be complete till brigandage and reaction are put down in the Two Sicilies, and, to effect this, they must be driven from their shelter within the gates and the palaces of Rome. And, in the second place, government by Cardinals may be taken to be henceforward out of date. The deadly hatred with which the priesthood is regarded on the banks of the Tiber is due to their political misrule, nor can any transaction between Italy and the Papacy last a month which does not restore to the Roman Senate and the Roman people the privileges of self-government, of self-taxation, and of freedom in matters of opinion. But, after securing all this, and providing for the future freedom of the Romans, is there any vital necessity for transplanting a second time the seat of government from Florence? If not, a reconciliation between PIO NONO and VICTOR EMMANUEL upon the Roman question is not past hoping for. The Catholic Church will have to resign her hereditary hold upon the liberties of the Roman city, but the POPE might still remain, as a nominal suzerain, in a position both of dignity and independence. Compared with his old condition, the new restrictions imposed upon his power may seem to fanatical Ultramontanists incompatible with the honour and comfort of the Church; but it will be easier now than it was some centuries ago for the Pope of ROME to live quietly under the shadow of a powerful kingdom.

The difficulties which relate to the internal ecclesiastical affairs of Italy are in reality far more insuperable. The POPE and his advisers well know that Italian statesmen entertain no friendly feelings to the Church, viewed as a political institution. And, what is worse, the extremest party into whose hands the control of Italian affairs before many years are over appears not unlikely to pass, is composed of men who will give no quarter to the Papacy. Shorn of its emoluments and privileges, degraded in Italy, as in France, to the condition of a mere national Church, Catholicism will cease to be the famous worldly power that it has been; and it is hard to ask the Head of a great religion to make up his mind to this. It has not been without a struggle that Catholicism has acquiesced in the bridle imposed upon it by the French Revolution and the First Empire. If the French nation had been weaker, the POPE's resistance in the first instance would have been more resolute, and Italy is not strong enough or influential enough in Europe to dictate terms to PIO NONO, or to force on him a reconciliation. But it is not clear why the two questions of Rome and of the internal policy of Italy should not be kept apart. They have only to do with one another to a very limited extent. So far as the Romans are to enter upon and enjoy the benefits of Italian citizenship, so far the POPE will feel keenly the innovations of civil and religious liberty introduced under his own walls. But, after all, the interests of the POPE as suzerain are distinct from the interests which he has all over the world as chief of the Catholic hierarchy. The latter interests have as much to say to Mexico, or Spain, or France, or Austria, as to Italy. In every one of these countries a conflict has been waged, or is still waging, between the people and the priests upon the subject. But the question of Papal suzerainty is a matter that directly concerns HIS HOLINESS as an Italian sovereign. The two Gordian knots might therefore be cut independently of one another. General FLEURY's mission is

doubtless connected with the solution of one or both, and occurs opportunely at the exact moment chalked out for the French evacuation. For the first time, however, for twenty years, the French are not absolute masters of the situation. The Austro-Italian Treaty relieves VICTOR EMMANUEL from the one pressing danger which threatened at one time to turn him into almost a vassal of France. The recent campaign has lightened his debt of obligation to the EMPEROR, as well as diminished the importance of a French alliance; and if the French army of occupation once has set sail, it never will again be permitted, whatever the circumstances, to return to Rome with the consent of the Italian people.

NORTH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.

IT would be a suspicious and ominous circumstance if any great question came forward for decision without a fair allowance of preliminary controversy of the wholesome sort. A tendency in this direction has been manifested with reference to the proposed Confederation of the British colonies in North America, and we cannot say that it is matter of regret that the broad views of the statesmen who have projected the scheme should be chequered by the cross lights of a narrower criticism. Foremost among the opponents of this great enterprise is Mr. HOWE of Nova Scotia, who combines with an apparently genuine Imperial patriotism the extremest of provincial views whenever he has to consider the mutual relations of his own and neighbouring colonies. Mr. ANNAND, of the same Province, has joined in deprecating the projected union, and the chorus of remonstrance has been completed by a Round Robin from a minute but personally respectable fragment of the Canadian Parliament. It is extremely desirable that this important measure should be carried openly and fairly, without any of the influences which have been brought to bear upon similar measures at an earlier period of our history. Mr. HOWE, Mr. ANNAND, and the little Canadian minority have a right to be heard on the subject, even though their arguments may seem to us, who are to some extent unbiassed judges, absolutely without point.

The actual position of the question seems to be this. The Canadian Parliament has, by a considerable majority, sanctioned a scheme of Confederation which was arranged by delegates from all the Provinces. In this it has acted on its inherent powers, without a fresh appeal to the constituencies; but in America the *vox populi* makes itself very audible, and a long campaign of dining and stumping has rendered it perfectly clear that the Canadian Ministers carry with them in their project of union, not merely a large majority of the whole colony, but decisive separate majorities both in Upper and Lower Canada. A little natural trepidation has been manifested by the Lower Canadians on religious and educational grounds. The great majority of the people of that Province, being French Catholics, might, but for their creditable spirit of loyalty, have hesitated to merge their nationality in a community of three times their size, made up of English Protestants. It is remarkable, however, that the French section has not, as a body, gone against Confederation. There is every reason to suppose that, if a separate election of French-speaking colonists alone were held, a decided majority would adopt the Ministerial proposals. This is, no doubt, in part due to the extreme fairness with which the special position of this section of the colonies was considered by the Quebec delegates. Such opposition as was manifested by the representatives of Lower Canada in the Provincial Parliament came mainly from the minority of English Protestants. With less magnanimity and faith than their Catholic brethren exhibited, they felt or affected a vast amount of alarm lest the local management of their Province, when placed under the control of the French-speaking majority, should be perverted to the prejudice of the Protestant educational system. Two considerations might have quieted these apprehensions—one, that in the exercise of local powers the Catholic majorities had never shown themselves intolerant; and the other, that the existence of Catholic minorities in all the other Provinces would necessarily furnish hostages for good behaviour on the part of the Lower Canadians. It is remarkable that the not inconsiderable minority of Catholics in Upper Canada were quite content to trust to the generosity of their fellow-citizens, and that the minority in the Lower Province, themselves enjoying the incalculable advantage of belonging to the dominant race and class of the entire Confederacy, was the only section that affected to dread the abuse of the large local power which the Quebec scheme proposed to give to the several provinces. Actuated by a groundless suspicion, the

Lower Canadian Protestants stipulated for special guarantees in the general scheme, and so anxious were all to humour every section in Lower Canada, which alone was thought capable of thwarting the enterprise, that something like a pledge was given, by one at least of the Ministers, that the alarms of the minority should be appeased by special provisions for their protection against dangers which existed only in their own imagination. Naturally enough, when the proposal came before the House, it occurred to the Catholic minority in Upper Canada, that they stood in need of as much protection as their Protestant brethren on the other side of the Ottawa. The exact parity of the two cases was obvious the instant it was put forward; and though it had never occurred to the minority of Lower Canada that what was sauce for the Protestant geese of one Province must be sauce for the Catholic ganders of the other, the parallel was too perfect to allow the Legislature to pass the one clause without the other. The upshot was, that both were rejected; and even Mr. GALT, though too deeply committed to the Protestant motion to retain office after his defeat, was constrained to admit that Parliament and the Ministers were right in passing the Bill without the special protection which had been so unnecessarily sought. If the people of Canada are fit to govern themselves at all, they must so far have mastered the first principles of toleration as to allow a religious sect forming a minority of the population to manage its own educational affairs pretty much in its own way.

With the exception of this squabble, the Canadian opposition has been comparatively insignificant. The case has not been quite the same in the Maritime Provinces. New Brunswick at first was dead against the scheme, but a new election has turned the majority decidedly the other way, and delegates have been sent to England with full powers to assist the Colonial Minister in settling the details of the Bill which it will be necessary for the Imperial Parliament to pass. With the Canadas and New Brunswick united in its favour, even a decided hostility on the part of the smaller Provinces would not be conclusive, because the enterprise could be carried out without their assistance. Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island might stay out in the cold of insular separation as long as they pleased, without materially injuring or affecting any but themselves. Nova Scotia is somewhat differently situated. She is small, almost insignificant indeed in numbers, though in nothing else, when compared with the communities that are seeking to be united with her. But she has the port of Halifax, and a position and trade of inestimable value to the Confederation. It is true that the frontier of the United Provinces might have been, and probably would have been, extended far enough to include New Brunswick, and to reach the Atlantic, even if Nova Scotia had declined to take part in the patriotic movement; and for a time it was doubtful whether she would give her adhesion. Her delegates had acceded to the Quebec propositions, but it was objected that they were not representative men; and a formidable agitation was got up against Confederation, on grounds not very intelligible to us, of which Mr. HOWE and Mr. ANNAND are the chief exponents. After studying their various pamphlets, the objections seem to resolve themselves into these. In the first place, it is said that Nova Scotia does not require to defend herself so long as the fleets of England can sweep the seas, and that it would be a needlessly expensive and burdensome sacrifice to make common cause with so exposed a country as Canada. A second objection, which smacks strongly of small provincial prejudice, is that Canada would swamp Nova Scotia in the common Parliament, and that Canadian statesmen are not at all to the Nova Scotian taste. This is too narrow an objection to weigh for a moment with an English Minister, and we doubt if he will pay much more deference to the technical complaint that the adhesion of Nova Scotia, like that of Canada, was given without the preliminary of a general election.

The broad question—aye or no—we take to be conclusively settled by the public opinion, both of this country and the colonies, in favour of Union. The details, however, are abundantly fertile in thorny questions. The delegates from the different Provinces come with powers by no means equal in extent; and there are some of the clauses of the Quebec scheme which, as Mr. CARDWELL intimated at the time, will require modification in the interests alike of the Mother-country and the colonies. If the delegates, however, are reasonable men, the difficulties before them will be easily surmounted, and Lord DERBY's Government, among its other pieces of good luck, will have the honour of completing one of the most important measures which have ever been proposed for the consolidation of British power. And, regarding the matter from this national point of view, we

cannot wholly pass over a proposal which has been urged by Mr. HOWE, who for the moment is an opponent of the doctrine of Confederation which he once advocated. Being a man of energy and sense, however much he may have been carried away by the eddies of local politics, he has perceived that the weak point in the arguments of his party was their unabashed preference of British protection to anything like a manly self-defence. Mr. HOWE is by no means a man to take up this grovelling position, and he accordingly qualifies it by a proposal that all the colonies should provide men and pay special taxes for the common defence of the Empire; in return for which he very reasonably asks that a few representatives should be admitted from across the water into the Imperial Parliament. If there were any probability that this suggestion would be palatable in the colonies, it might deserve the consideration of the Home Government; but it is obvious that, so far from being a substitute for Confederation, it is a scheme which only a previous consolidation of the colonies could render practicable. Whether it will ever become so will depend much more on the Canadians than on ourselves.

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.

THE incidents of a heavy action of libel, the account of which has filled the columns of the newspapers during the present week, prove how much importance the first men of a learned profession attach to the maintenance of strict professional etiquette. Apart from the merits of Dr. Hunter as a doctor, and of oxygen as a remedy for diseases of the lungs, there was the great question of Dr. Hunter's advertisements. They were certainly both startling and luxuriant. Perhaps this was no discredit to Dr. Hunter. He is a colonial practitioner, and may not choose to be bound by the fashions prevalent among English doctors; but it is clear that a registered English M.D. could not go on advertising his practice upon so magnificent a scale, regardless of expense, without incurring the displeasure of his brethren. Divinity, Law, and Medicine have each codes and habits of their own, but clergymen, barristers, and doctors all agree in the common view that it is monstrous and irregular for any of the three orders to do anything which may by the world outside be construed into tooting, either for employment or applause. The briefless barrister, accordingly, instead of placarding the assize towns with notice of his arrival, or chalking up outside his chambers on the pavement that he and his large family are starving, is bound in theory to eat the bread of patience, and stay quietly within, expecting the client who may never come. Pulpit orators are forbidden by every rule of sacred art and custom to appear conscious of their own success, and they generally, if respectable, leave to Bible Societies, Churchwardens, and Charities the task of announcing in large letters their approaching appearance in a church or on a platform. And doctors abstain as yet from filling columns in the *Times* and the *Morning Post* with lists of the fashionable patients who have come to them, and the circumstances of the recovery of each.

This assumed bashfulness on the part of the members of the three professions we have named does not, we observe, follow them invariably into all other relations in life. Neither lawyers nor doctors nor parsons are, as a rule, cursed with timidity beyond their neighbours. Few of them delight to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness upon nobody. Curates occasionally may be a little shy, but the peony look of a tender young curate wears off before long, just as a school-girl with red hands and shuffling feet develops, in a year or two, into a full-grown confident woman. Nobody who sees either of the two young creatures afterwards would ever dream of all the nervous self-consciousness and flutterings of which they have been victims in the first budding years of girlhood or of curatehood. It is not, therefore, because the study of Galen, Hooker, or Coke is bound up with the idea of delicacy or reserve, that professional etiquette sets its face against tooting and other tradesmanlike habits. Nor is there any such professional etiquette in the literary world. A gentleman, whatever his occupation, remembers, no doubt, that he is not a linendraper or an auctioneer; but his publishers have not always so scrupulous a memory, and it is not a little remarkable that authors should be considered on some points free from all the trammels of etiquette. There are, for example, no limits to the puffing of a successful newspaper, magazine, or book. Mr. Dickens and the novelists of the day figure, right and left, on all the hoardings and brick walls of the metropolis. On one famous occasion before now the omnibuses have carried even Mr. Tupper's praises. Sensational placards attract the unwary wanderer to this or that daily paper, and Parr's Life Pills are not more energetically pushed than the last poem, the last volume of travels, or the last romance. In fact literature at last, in spite of all its glorious history, has come quietly down and seated itself beside the guilds and the trades. That this catastrophe should have befallen it is not necessarily the fault of writers, though it would be idle to pretend that the change will not insensibly affect their character and the character of their works. Writers can scarcely help it. So long as publishing is a commercial speculation, it must be carried on with energy and vigour. When the author has disposed of his manuscript, Othello's occupation is gone, and his part played out; and all that remains is to leave to business men the task of making the best

profit out of the publication that is possible. If a wine-merchant may advertise his wares, it is impossible to say why publishers, simply because a literary producer happens to be sensitive, should not endeavour to lay out to the best advantage the money they have invested in his productions. In order to be sold, the poet or novel-writer must be known; and he never will be known unless all that has been said in praise of him is judiciously extracted and presented in a compact form to the public eye. One can conceive an enthusiast maintaining, in the interests of literature, that no author ought ever to sell his own work, any more than a mother ought to sell her own child. The obvious answer, of course, would be that in every other walk of life men do dispose of the products of their reflection, their genius, and their industry; and a good thought written down has as fair a right to be taken into the market as a good thought turned into a machine, or into a picture, or into a fine growth of tea. Once grant that a gentleman may honourably vend his thoughts, and no distinction on the score of dignity can afterwards be drawn. Like other inventors, authors are of necessity at the mercy of capital. Capital stands between them and fame. It is the only medium through which they can introduce themselves to an audience. They cannot, accordingly, in reason dictate to the capitalist who prints and publishes what they might be unable to print or publish on their own account, the exact manner in which he is to hawk the literary goods that they have sold him, or prescribe the limit within which he may set about recouping himself his outlay and expense.

That people who have noticed the rapidity with which literature is thus turning into a sort of superior trade should go one step further, and declare themselves unable to understand why the barriers that separate professions and trades should not be wholly broken down, is not unnatural. They argue, plausibly enough, that if a man may make merchandize of his books, he may surely dispose, in the way he thinks the best, of his knowledge of law, medicine, or theology. The fraternity that subsists between the members of a profession they regard as tending only to monopoly. Professional men hang together in order, like the cabmen, to make better terms with the public. Restrictions imposed by etiquette on the actions and transactions of the learned body are considered by such critics as only superior by courtesy to the rules of a 'trades' union, and as designed to protect the comfort and luxury of the mass against the audacity, vulgarity, or perhaps the superior energy of individuals. Why should not a barrister, they ask, advertise his familiarity with mercantile or maritime law, just as Dr. Hunter proclaims in the columns of so many journals his belief in himself and in inhalation. Too strict a line need not be drawn even in the case of parsons. The labourer, says the Scriptures, is worthy of his hire; and, if the announcement could be made reverently, is there any reason to prevent a popular divine from advising the public that his eloquence is much admired, his pews rapidly filling, and that those who want to praise and pray under his auspices had better apply early for sittings, or they will find all taken. The theatres and eminent Dissenting preachers do it every day. And if the occupants of pulpits, like the lessees of theatres, are to depend upon popularity for livelihood, as they constantly do, a truthful and serious exposure, outside the church, of the spiritual bill of fare which was to be served up within would seem to be as justifiable in the case of a clergyman of one religious sect as in that of the clergyman of another. Without a wide reputation, indeed, the powers of divines and doctors might be considerable, but their sphere of usefulness must be small. Until the aspirant after fame becomes famous, his wings are clipped. What sense can there be in any prevailing prejudice or tradition which condemns him to sit still in an obscurity which he does not deserve, or prevents him from throwing his whole soul into a competition with weaker creatures, who in a fair field, and without favour, could not hold a candle to him? Something of this feeling may possibly creep at times over the professional man himself. Professional etiquette, as it now exists, is often a protection only to the dishonest, without being a shield to the honest practitioner. The gentleman who is bound hand and foot by its enactments sees a hundred infractions of the law committed daily, under his very nose, by persons less scrupulous or candid. While he is sitting patiently in his place on the rank, holding in his reins and waiting to be hailed, half a dozen of his nearest colleagues are inviting custom in ways which are virtually opposed to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the code. And occasionally, perhaps, the thought occurs to him that it is all very well for those to preach etiquette to him to whom its existence or non-existence makes absolutely no difference. A family connection, a capacity for hobnobbing with snobs, a contemptible facility of talking nonsense to women, a willingness to pronounce some religious shibboleth or other, gives a start and an advantage to his contemporaries which he never may be able to recover. Etiquette means nothing at all to them, but it means for him failure, poverty, the certainty of being distanced in the eyes of the world by second-rate competitors, and the equal certainty that, when they have finally succeeded and he has failed, the world will not trouble itself to inquire the reason why. There will be plenty at the last who, measuring success as the public measures it, will firmly believe that a man who has succeeded must be deserving of respect, and that those who fail fail only by their own fault. This is a pushing age, and the man who pushes boldly will not be cross-questioned afterwards, when he is made a Bishop, a Baronet, or a Judge, as to the little professional peccadilloes which opened to him the gate of fortune and distinction.

When all this, and much like this has been said, it is most desirable for sensible people loudly to affirm, upon the other hand, their deliberate conviction that the maintenance of professional etiquette is all-essential to society. It is not because Literature is inferior as a profession to Law, Physic, or Theology, that the absence of etiquette in the former case is unimportant, while it is of the first importance in the latter. So far as a barrister or clergyman can be regarded as a mere producer, the one of legal opinions, the other of sermons and disquisitions, neither differs in any vital degree from the producer of a poem, a novel, or a tract. But there is one conspicuous feature which distinguishes the three learned professions, as they are called. It is not their learning. Since the day when the appellation was first bestowed upon them, learning has passed out of their grasp into the reach of the public at large. A vast literary class has sprung up connected neither with jurisprudence, physic, nor theology; which, except in matters of special study, is capable of holding its own against the privileged possessors of the name of "learned." What puts a gulf between the professions and the trades is that the three professions are admitted into the sacred confidence of all of us. Doctors, clergymen, and lawyers know the secrets of the world. The relation occupied by each of them to his clients is a relation *uberrime fidei*. The peace of families, the honour of women, the prospects of children in the next generation, are at their mercy, and the intimate workings of human nature have been freely and frankly laid before them as an open book. No profession which stands to civilized society in such a relation can safely be permitted to turn itself into a mere trade. Whatever tends to uphold its honour and dignity, its freedom from the ordinary tricks and manoeuvres of the market-place, and to promote community of feeling and interest among its members, is so much gain. In other occupations quacks do not do much harm. But a professional quack is a monster who inflicts endless misery on his kind, and ought in the public interest to be hounded down. Upon the whole, professional etiquette tends to put down quacks; and so long as this is the case it deserves the sympathy of society, and the approval, on fit occasion, and so long as it is kept within due bounds, of English juries.

JUDICIOUS SELFISHNESS.

IT is only after some experience of the sweets and the sour of life that we get to learn that it is not good to have too much even of a good thing. In boyhood and early youth moderation is viewed as the natural offspring of fatuity—a fatuity which cannot be, however, entirely freed from all suspicion of malevolent and sinister designs, when it is observed to be most in favour with those natural enemies of fun and jollity, parents, pedagogues, and miserly uncles. However, time seldom fails to make us take the sober and avuncular view of life, and practise a general abstinence—*it may be from the highest philosophical and religious motives, but very often also because we dread the fire which has burned us, the cake which has made us sick, the excess which has endangered or ruined our health. But the mundane prudence thus painfully acquired generally has reference to those pleasures which, in a greater or less degree, derive their gratification from the senses, and only the very gross and sensual fail to discover so much. It is the fruit of wider observation and of a closer scrutiny of moral phenomena which convinces us that virtues, no less than vices, may be overdone. Of course we read in Aristotle all about the Mean, and its incomparable merits. But it is a long step from cold assent to the reasoning of the Ethics to a vivid and practical realization of the truth that piety, humility, benevolence, and friendship may be carried to a point at which they become noxious both to the individual and to society. One must see religion degenerate into abject superstition, benevolence become a criminal and weak indulgence of every caprice of compassion, and friendship a culpable abdication of the rights and dignity of manhood in favour of another, before we can fully take home the important principle that our good, not less than our sinister, qualities require close watching if we would not have them run away with us.*

Take, for instance, the virtue of benevolence, of good nature, of giving as much pleasure and as little pain as possible to others. A virtue of more strict obligation does not exist. Yet who cannot recall at a moment's notice instances of good weak men who have been throughout their lives centres of confusion and misery, simply by reason of their unadulterated amiability? And we do not here refer to that utter feebleness of nature which sacrifices even principle or the most legitimate personal interests to please and conciliate others. About such there can hardly be two opinions. We have in view rather that compound of good nature and timidity which shrinks instinctively from asserting its own rights when these are contested by others, which takes for its motto "Anything for a quiet life," and is generally rewarded with a life of constant hot water in consequence. It is beyond question that there are many excellent people who are deterred from doing what is right through the fear of being thought unfeeling. Such persons offer positive premiums to the unscrupulous self-assertion of others, and, little as they may wish or think it, actually increase the practical amount of selfishness in the world. In every relation in life we are liable to be exposed to unreasonable and selfish demands which are sure to grow unless they are valiantly withstood. Our husbands, our wives, our children, our servants, our friends, are all powers which will

unfailingly enroach upon our individuality if we will let them. In matters involving important principles this is perhaps to their credit, rather than otherwise. They may wish us to embrace and act up to what they sincerely believe to be the truth. But there is a great deal done and left undone in daily life which has only a remote bearing on exalted principle, and it is in relation to these minor matters that the tyranny of self-asserting natures is to be vigilantly opposed by the judicious selfishness of those whom they would coerce; and this for the sake of one party as much as of the other, of the opposed as well as of the opposer. Who has not seen a domineering husband, or a shrewish wife, gradually develop, by reason of the weak subservience they always meet with, into perfect monsters of exacting selfishness? Who cannot recall households which one had only to enter to be conscious of the presence of a sombre exacting divinity, to offer homage and income to which was the chief occupation of the other inmates? It must be acknowledged, we think, by impartial observers, that for this rôle of the social tyrant women are better qualified than men. Men of this stamp are apt to degenerate into downright brutality, and lose all power but what they derive from superiority of physical strength. Women, on the other hand, are more subtle, delicate, and discriminating in their despotism. Domineering wives are to domineering husbands what Louis XI. was to Charles the Bold. Moreover, they have exclusive use of a most potent weapon, entirely denied to the male sex, and that is—tears. And truly, comedy cannot go further than it is carried in many family circles which contain a spoony, stupid husband, ruled over with a rod of iron by a clever and selfish wife. Again, the delicacy, real or feigned, which many women suffer from is a mighty engine of domestic oppression. Every woman who wishes thoroughly to henpeck her husband should at once set up as an invalid. There are decrees and exactions which can come with their full efficacy only from a sofa or a very easy chair. Healthy women who can walk about and eat a good breakfast can never carry the art of husband-subduing to its finest developments. A vigorous rosy-cheeked young matron may give trouble or comfort to her husband, according to her disposition, but she can never command and control him with that perfect authority which is wielded by the sweet pale creature who is always going to faint. How quietly, and yet how completely, the latter can make him feel the utter brutality of his conduct, say for staying out on that occasion ten minutes beyond the appointed time of return. What if it was to see an old friend off to India? He little thinks of the weary hours during which she, the sweet pale creature, has been in constant danger of fainting while he was absent. And of course that person, that friend as he is pleased to call him, but concerning whom she has a very different theory—namely, that he is a very artful, designing individual, whose real character will come out some day, when she is gone—that person, as usual, has induced him to smoke, and he knows that smoke kills her. But it will soon be over. No one can doubt, we think, that a little judicious selfishness administered frequently in cases of this kind would have a most salutary effect on all concerned; and that the omission to exhibit it may arise indeed from an overdose of good-nature, benevolence, amiability, or what not, which, nevertheless, in spite of fine names, it is hard to distinguish in its effects from the direct operation of a vice.

In the above examples we have considered judicious selfishness in its coarsest form—in the form in which it must be exerted in mere self-defence merely to keep the enemy out of our individuality, which he would otherwise absorb. But there are other kinds of it which relate to a more elevated order of character and living. Duty often drives us into conduct which nine people out of ten would be ready to pronounce simply and purely selfish, but which we venture to regard as merely containing that amount of judicious selfishness which is invariably associated with strong and growing natures. The pilgrimage of life is constantly presenting us with alternatives which have been once for all symbolized in the apologue called the "Choice of Hercules." When we are wise, resolute, and progressive, we are frequently arriving at bifurcations—at partings of the ways down one of which we must elect to travel. But we never get so far without having acquired—inherited as it were, from our past life—relations with others who may have no intention whatever of taking the path which conscience cries aloud is the one for us. To break from the dear old ties of companionship and friendship on such occasions is frequently the heaviest task set before us in life. Those with whom we part company in such circumstances are sure to murmur. Our defection is resented as the result of cold calculating prudence. Our head may be complimented, but it is at the expense of our heart. And if the sole commendable object in life were to avoid giving pain to others, our critics would be in the right. The old companion, or the old sweetheart, who sees the pleasant, fragrant ties of intimacy or affection snap one by one, and notes a growing divergence of your path from theirs, may well be excused for feeling a little soreness or sadness. There are crises in life at which a man must either wittingly incur the charge of gross selfishness or else for ever renounce all pursuit of an exalted ideal. It may be better never to give pain, to deceive no hopes, however rashly formed, never to hurt kind hearts that cling to us; but it is not so that great men become great, or produce great actions. It may have been very selfish in Goethe to forsake Frederika; but the question is, would Goethe have been the Goethe we know had he not been able and willing to do what he did on that occasion? And if this is admitted, our position is proved, that a judicious selfishness in many turns

and circumstances of life is an indispensable element in an expanding and aspiring character.

We may occasionally get help, when perplexed with the difficulties incident to the shuffling off of old ties, by reflecting that our coldness or defection may not be resented so much as in our vanity we are ready to fear. It is not an uncommon delusion to estimate our own importance to others at an exaggerated value. We should remember that when others have become bores to us it is just possible we may at the same time have become bores to them, and that they, equally with ourselves, may be engaged in solving with superfluous care the difficult problem of a painless extinction of intimacy or friendship. It should be added that no man yet ever repented a discriminating manifestation of judicious selfishness in the restricted sense in which we understand the phrase. It is, or should be, simply a firm yet courteous notice to all whom it may concern that you have got work to do, and that you mean to do it, their objections, if they have any, notwithstanding. Of the gross Chuzzlewitian selfishness there is here no question at all. Offended for a time, as soft people may be, at your independent course—at your neglect of them by reason of your attention to greater matters—it is not possible to quarrel permanently with a man for devotion to his work. In fact, the butterflies and bores of society are the first to crowd around, and pester with their compliments and congratulations, the independent self-sufficing man, when, through isolation and through going his own way, he has achieved some great result. They applaud now, but when he first went apart from them they were loud in their blame. One thing at any rate is certain, and that is, that no man ever yet got thanked for neglecting his work to please other people. And the converse is also true—namely, that no honest pursuit of worthy objects, coupled though it might be with the frequent neglect of persons, ever did a man lasting harm, either in his private character or his public fame. What am I to think of you if you can drop your tools, and run to me the moment I call you? You must be a poor creature engaged upon poor work, or you would never leave it so easily. But if I see you worshipping with awe and veneration some great truth—if, undisturbed either by my pouting or my praise, I see you follow it with single-hearted devotion and love—then, in spite of my vanity, I am constrained to admire, and it may be to revere, you. In a word, a proper amount of judicious selfishness forms a sort of rind to our character, keeps it together, and preserves it from the action of the numerous solvents to which it is frequently exposed. We have touched on one or two of its forms. But it is equally needed in our intercourse with our children and our servants, as well as with our husbands, wives, and friends. Against the great army of bores it is of invaluable and indisputable service. The chatterbox who invades your privacy, or buttonholes you in the street when he can do nothing else, is only to be resisted on his own terms. You must remorselessly and selfishly withstand him, as he remorselessly and selfishly pursues you. The Italian proverb says, If you would succeed, you must not be too good. This is somewhat cynical. Still it may be true that you stand a chance of not being good at all if you are too good in a certain sense—the sense, namely, in which mere good nature stands opposed to the judicious selfishness we have been attempting to discuss.

FALSE GUIDES.

DEAN ALFORD has been making some remarks to "Christian Young Men," at Exeter Hall, which are an interesting illustration of the intellectual condition both of Christian Young Men and of deans. One, at any rate, of the latter class shows a curious capacity for hitting off the exact mixture of sermon and water which suits his audience. Omitting the theological references, Dr. Alford's ingenious remarks come to this, that the only safe guide is conscience; but he added that "the present was a perfect atarnalia of false guides," of whom he proceeded to describe various specimens. Ritualists, writers of fiction, poets, and men of science all came in for a share of his wrath; but his indignation culminated in speaking of journalists. His eloquence is enough to make the anonymous scribbler shudder. Men, it seems, are misleading public opinion who, if their names were attached to their articles, would be received with a shout of derision. We are in the "very worst phase of democracy"—that which places power in unfit and irresponsible hands. No man is safe; newspapers can write any man up or down in a week; "the only protection the public has against such assailants is their mutual hostility against each other"; and, if bad in politics, newspapers are far worse in religion, "for they lay it down as their first postulate that all who disagree with them are, not mistaken opponents, but absolutely bad men." If this last assertion be true, we should imagine that many week-day journalists must occupy Sunday pulpits. The remarks, however, require to be translated before we can fairly judge of them. The language which is talked to Christian Young Men is as different from that talked in a more intelligent sphere as theological language generally is from secular. When certain persons say "You will infallibly be damned," they must be understood to mean simply "Your opinion differs from ours." Similarly, the advice bestowed in Exeter Hall is wrapped up in an unctuous rhetoric, from which the meaning must be distilled by evaporating a large amount of pure nonsense. Thus the flourish about a phase of democracy probably means nothing; it is necessary to detect

democracy everywhere just now, especially when you affect the philosophic air.

The denunciation, again, of journalists as a class, which would be silly elsewhere, is merely a common form of Exeter Hall oratory. Christian Young Men are in the mental stage in which the existence of ogres and abnormal monsters is easily credible; they accept as perfectly natural the hypothesis that all the world is worked by a hidden diabolical machinery. As the French revolutionists attributed every European event to the gold of Pitt, or as Mr. Whalley's piercing gaze detects the Jesuit lurking behind every political party, so the Christian Young Men readily believe the press to be an engine worked by superhuman malice, for the furtherance of vile but inscrutable objects. He has in his mind a fancy picture of a journalist, as a being separated from the rest of his kind by some mysterious doom, who goes about stabbing good men in the dark, writhing under the sense of his own insignificance, and with powers only limited by his incapacity for combination with his like. There is union, we know, even in hell, or hell could not stand; but the unholy domain of journalism has a stronger vitality. Now, of course, Dr. Alford is above this nonsense. He knows that journalists are men with passions just like their neighbours; that, instead of being a strictly separate class, many exemplary clergymen, not to say deans and bishops, contribute to anonymous publications; and that, in short, it is just about as true to say that journalists are all slanderers and evil-speakers as to say that all lawyers are thieves, all doctors quacks, and all parsons hypocrites. Any such attack upon a class would be ungenerous if it were not futile, and Dr. Alford knows it as well as any one. He was, therefore, we may assume, simply putting a harmless platitude into a concrete form, for the benefit of ignorant hearers; and, instead of saying that the practice of anonymous writing was objectionable, stated that anonymous writers were a wicked class of men. We regret that he should have been compelled to distort his meaning so much; but we will give him the benefit of the doubt, and will assume that he merely meant to repeat an old criticism upon the common system. Still we venture to object to his sanction of a very bad practice.

The trick of rhetoric adopted by Dr. Alford merely comes to this—that he assumes that no one can take advantage of the anonymous except from bad motives, and quietly imputes such motives even when the results are good. Let us try whether this device might not be applied differently. A man conceals his name, says Dr. Alford, because he is going to tell a lie, and does not wish to be made responsible for it. A parallel argument would be that a man publishes his name because he is going to tell a lie, and wishes to get the benefit of it. For example, a gentleman of undoubted learning and ability publishes a commentary on the Greek Testament; he exhibits a great deal of knowledge, and, after diving into the dangerous labyrinths of German commentators, comes safely back as orthodox as he started. We should say, in this case, that the gentleman was quite right to publish his name, and to assume openly any credit that he might deserve. Dr. Alford's method of imputing motives would lead us to the opposite, and doubtless to a most unfair result. We should ask, what is the value of orthodox conclusions when the writer pledges his name to them? He will get his reward in the shape of promotion; he must not expect the reward of respect for honesty of purpose. Beware of false guides, who simulate the behaviour of independent inquirers, but who have really settled, when they start, to take at all events the road which leads to preferment, whether or not it leads to truth. Now we should consider such criticism to be grossly unfair; but it would be a mere inversion of Dr. Alford's method. The anonymous writer is free, so far as he is personally concerned, from the pressure of public opinion—a pressure, however, which is powerful enough upon the journal to which he contributes. He may take advantage of his independence to be unconscientious; but he is at any rate free from one strong temptation to say what he does not believe. If sermons could be delivered without the name of the preacher being known, they might be less orthodox; they might occasionally be malicious; but we suspect that on the whole they would be more truth-telling. And, as a matter of fact, truth is pretty sure to come out in the sharp conflict of modern journalism, if only because it almost always pays to speak the truth—a consideration which Dr. Alford will admit to be within the reach even of journalists.

Not only so, but Dr. Alford himself admits this obvious truth after his pleasant fashion. He says that the only protection of the public is the mutual hostility of the anonymous writers. This includes a statement of fact, and the imputation of a motive. The fact is that the newspapers, among them, take pretty nearly every side of every question; so that there is very little danger of truth being overlooked. This is true enough, and has very often been alleged in praise of newspapers. But Dr. Alford, knowing that all journalists are vile, imputes the fact to their "mutual hostility." The Christian Young Men received this remark with a "shout of laughter," and we are, therefore, we presume, to consider it more or less as a joke; although, if meant to be facetious, it shows a want of imagination. To take another parallel case; would it be fair to say that all sides of the ceremonial controversy were eagerly supported, merely because Dr. Alford had a bitter hatred for Dr. Pusey, and was bitterly hated in turn by Mr. Maurice? And yet a mutual hatred is less likely to cause disputes amongst anonymous writers than amongst those who give their names. Scarcely suggest so improbable a cause for theological contro-

versy as hatred amongst theologians, we should have made another accusation, which we recommend to Dr. Alford for imitation. If we believed that all clergymen were actuated by grovelling motives, we should suggest that their disputes were the results of quarrelling for place and power. In the same way, Dr. Alford may urge that journalists will advocate all sides of a question because they are paid to do so. This accusation would have the merit that there would be in it a certain amount of truth. No doubt there are dishonest journalists, as there are dishonest deans, and even dishonest bishops. We are not in a position to say in which class the proportion of honest men is smallest; or whether the temptation of telling lies to win reputation and power is generally greater or less than the temptation of telling lies because they will be paid for by a newspaper. But we would respectfully suggest to Dr. Alford that he would not only show more charity and much more common sense by refraining from such general imputations upon a class of, at all events, human beings, but that he would avoid certain possible retorts. No doubt a man who addresses his fellows from a pulpit or a platform is apt to forget that they may sometimes compare his motives with their own, as if they were possibly of the same clay.

The fact is that journalists probably express their opinions with at least as much sincerity as any other class, because they have quite as little to gain by doing otherwise. Dr. Alford, however, persists in imputing to them a universal malevolence. He sees it especially in purely personal questions. He believes that journalists "write down" individuals out of sheer malevolence; or that they would write them down if other journalists, out of pure hostility to the first journalists, did not write them up. This is as much as to say that every one is pretty sure to get a hearing, but that no thanks are due to the journalists. It would, however, be very difficult for Dr. Alford to justify his statement by facts. Who is really in danger of being "written down"? Mr. Bright has probably been the butt of as many articles as any other person during the last year; but a few imprudent sentences of his own have done him more harm than all the invective that has been hurled at him. He is, or ought to be, too shrewd a politician not to value the attacks almost as much as the applause, if only as an advertisement. Of the evils which can befall a public man, silence is infinitely greater than condemnation; which is some proof that the most virulent assaults are not very injurious. On Dr. Alford's ingenious method, indeed, we are to condemn assailants for their villany, and the defenders because they hate the assailants. If such arguments are to be held relevant, we should begin to investigate the causes of Dr. Alford's spite against journalists, and to inquire whether he had suffered any injury at the hands of reviewers. We prefer to put the question entirely aside, and to request him to do the same in future. He will then have to admit that, however wicked anonymous writers may be, the effect of their writings is valuable; their motives for supporting the right cause may be infamous, but the right cause would get on badly without them. If he doubts this, we would simply ask him whether the press or the pulpit has been most effective in exposing the other false guides whom he denounces, and in proposing a remedy. Are the follies of ritualists, and the false art of sensation novelists, and the pruriences of young poets more likely to be put down by journalists or by preachers? If by the former, Dr. Alford is rather ungrateful to an ally whose services he will find to be of some importance.

POPULAR INHUMANITY.

MUCH surprise and indignation seems to have been excited in the public mind by the conduct of the cabman, last week, who declined to allow a girl charred and burnt and dying to be taken to the hospital in his cab. Yet anybody who moves about the London streets with his eyes open must be perfectly aware that inhumanity scarcely less ghastly is to be seen in constant operation all the year round, and from one year to another. Of course this is less true of some districts than of others. Those happy persons whose beat does not extend beyond Piccadilly and Regent Street and the great squares are mostly spared the sights which may catch the eye of the meditative wanderer outside these holy precincts of fashion. Even here, however, at night, one may spy pretty constantly instances of brutal indifference to suffering not much less inexcusable than that of the cabman. But in the more squalid regions of the town this indifference is the normal law and rule of things. We are frequently told to admire the goodness of the poor to one another, and nobody who knows anything about them would deny for a moment that acts of kindness on the part of those who are in luck towards those who are out of luck are to be found in decent abundance. Sympathy of this sort, however, elevating and admirable as it is, is not by any means identical with that humanity and sensibility which is affected by the sheer sight or thought of severe physical suffering as such. To do good to one's friends is an excellent and laudable thing, and this, we may well believe, is not less common among the poor than among the rich. Probably it is even more common, for the reason that the poor know more poignantly and directly the nature and burden of the sorrows which they make it their business, in their own humble way, to alleviate. Dido's famous line—*haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*—suggests a good cause why the poor should be better almoners than the rich. But the conduct of the cabman was not an offence merely against charity, or the sup-

posed duty of almsgiving. It ranks among a different set of actions. A man might be hard enough to refuse to help a friend at a pinch, and still be willing to do all he could to relieve violent physical anguish. And this very cabman, though basely indifferent to the horror that was under his eye, would most likely be quite ready to lend a brother cabman a shilling, or to treat him to bread and cheese, on a day when his friend happened to be penniless. An acute sensibility on the subject of physical distress is a very different thing from general friendliness and good-will.

There are few conditions more essential to the advance of civilization—to the increased happiness of the world, that is to say—than a wider diffusion of that intense sympathy with pain, a comparatively narrow and sluggish form of which has hitherto passed itself off as the whole virtue of humanity. The conception of this virtue is at present far narrower than we may hope it will be in future times, because at present it only partially includes the duty of kindness and consideration for the dumb and more humbly-organized companions of the human race. The time must come when to ill-use a brute will be held as disgraceful as the most humane persons would now think it to inflict wanton pain on a human being. Yet it is not so very many years since a philosopher of reputation ridiculed Bentham for placing kindness to the lower animals among human duties. If philosophers could thus be found to speak with lightness of the sufferings of beasts and birds and insects, it is not surprising that plain folk failed to rise to a wider and more generous notion of the right relation of man to his humbler companions and auxiliaries. Even now, it is appalling to think how feeble the conception of considerateness to beasts is among the most cultivated persons. Though far removed from a deliberately cruel temper themselves, they still sanction without reflection a number of traditional and habitual cruelties in the treatment of animals. We shudder now as we think of the absurd barbarities thoughtlessly practised by our ancestors in all matters relating to the breeding, training, breaking, and so forth, of horses and dogs. Our descendants may in their turn shudder as they recall our own practices on these very points. In remoter districts at the present day you may find "a scholar and a gentleman" having his ferret's mouth sewn up, instead of muzzling them with "copes." And if it makes one uncomfortable to reflect on the casual cruelties of the educated, what can we feel on reflecting that the lower animals are mostly under the hands of the least educated, least softened, least thoughtful, part of the community. The humanest master may be unlucky enough to have the most cruel servant, or, what is just as bad, the most stupid, and the most inveterately devoted to stupid habits and traditions. Contractors for public works, for instance, are, we have no doubt, in their own persons as humane and kindly as their neighbours. But look at their navvies and carters. Observe the savage ferocity with which an ill-conditioned carter will make a horse back up a hillock, or over a big piece of timber. And this is only a better example than a score of others, because you may see it any day in any of the great works going on in the metropolis. In more advanced ages, the spectator of this sort of barbarity, instead of passing by like the Levite—the great type of our modern civilization—will either instantly thrash the barbarous person then and there within an inch of his life, or else, if incompetent to achieve this honourable feat, will hand him over to be thrashed by the proper official. For by that time, it is to be hoped, our views of official thrashing will have become a little more rational than they are now. Without paradox, the reason why there is so much atrocious inhumanity is that we have all become so humane. We are humane in the wrong place. Full of apprehension lest we should brutalize a man by whipping him, we allow him to brutalize himself as he chooses, by beating his wife and being cruel to brutes. He does not escape scot-free, it is true, but then he is not repaid in his own coin. If physical brutality were punished by a vigorous thrashing, either with a birch or any less ignoble weapon, the man would have his imagination immensely quickened, and would be able to realize the pain which he is himself in the habit of inflicting on others. We should thus be instructing him most efficaciously as to the nature of his own acts. But people are content to stop short at a single aspect of a thing. They are penetrated with compassion as they listen to the howls of the offender under the lash, and so they forget the howls of the innocent person under the fist or the stick or the poker of the offender himself. Those who advocate whipping for criminals guilty of habitual wife-beating or cruelty to animals are denounced for their want of humanity. The truth is that they wish to see brutality brought somewhat nearer an end, and they think that to give the sinner a taste of the nature of his favourite gratification is the surest as well as the most just plan for diminishing the offence. And thus, curiously, those who feel most deeply the horrors of the prevalent brutality of the lowest orders in the community come to be accused of bloodthirstiness and truculence.

There are persons who, because now and again the world is regaled with stories of some royal, aristocratic, or middle-class wife-beater, insist that the lower classes are no worse in this respect than those who in other respects are their betters. Reasonable observation is dead against such a notion; and, what is still more to the point, reflection, apart from experience, is dead against it also. For although humaneness may seem to be instinctive in some individuals, we cannot say that it is so in classes, or, at all events, that it is more instinctive in one class than another. But it may be questioned whether humaneness is an instinct in anybody. Was there ever a child born in the world

without a nascent inclination to be cruel? Boys are cruel to a proverb, and girls have only escaped the proverb owing to the gallantry of mankind. As a matter of fact, they are often just as fond of tormenting flies and frogs and one another as boys are. It is not until education of some sort has commenced, that they abandon the vile love of inflicting torture, which is as nearly universal in children as anything can be. There are differences in the tractability of children in this as in all other points, and one child perceives the wickedness of cruelty more rapidly than another, while a third barely perceives it to the very end of his days. Much, we suspect, depends on the imagination. A dull person is cruel because he never knows what that pain is which his cruelty inflicts. Where it is possible, whether in the case of children or adults, the imagination should be stimulated by doing to them what they do to others. Mr. Reade has observed with peculiar truth, in his last novel, that people who have brains are never quite inhuman. Blockheads are notoriously more cruel, as a rule, than persons who have quick intelligence and lively imagination—persons, in short, who have brains. It is only conformable to reason, therefore, that the classes for whom least is done in the way of cultivation should be least sensible of the demerits of inhumanity, and set least value on the corresponding virtue.

One reason why a humane regard for physical well-being is found so much less generally and consistently than some other good qualities which rank beneath it in importance, is the deep conviction still lurking about that it is a poor and unworthy thing to take any heed for the body. The love of asceticism, which sprang first from an unfortunate misinterpretation of a religious precept, and which now holds its ground, in an age that is not an age of faith, through a certain reaction against the luxury of the time, and partly through a feeling that practical asceticism is a substitute for an absent theological faith—this spirit of asceticism has been the root of a belief that we ought to seek pain, and in a manner to enjoy it. It would naturally follow from this that we need not be very fastidious and fearful as to the pain which may fall into the way of other people. A man who is a stoic on his own account is sure to look upon stoicism as the sound system for his neighbours also. And just as asceticism, on the one side, promotes an indifference to physical pain, so on the other does the prevalent luxury of life. The spread of luxury which the enormous increase of material wealth has produced means the spread of a passion for excessive physical ease and comfort. But then it is his own physical ease and comfort for which the luxurious man has a regard. And excessive ease for one generally implies excessive toil and toil for somebody else. So that a luxurious man comes to care as little about the physical pain and discomfort of another person as the ascetic cares for such discomfort for himself. There is also another element at work in the same direction. The political doctrine of an age invariably reacts upon the moral and social doctrine. The great political discovery of our time is that the Levite is the truly wise and good man. If we thus glorify the Levite in politics, we may be quite sure that he will appear in less conspicuous regions. And we already may see that it is so. The wise cabman goes in for non-intervention, like his betters. A charred body might soil the cushions of his cab, and in this world it is everybody for himself. Besides, the mere thought of pain is unpleasant. The wretch who has been fool enough to fall among thieves, and who is lying bloody and bruised in the road, depresses one, and makes everybody feel dull and gloomy. This increased willingness to shrink from the sight of pain is one of the most remarkable signs of the time. It will have one good effect in making people more humane, and more desirous to avoid inflicting pain. But it may have the evil effect of producing a more resolute selfishness, and therefore, ultimately, a more profound indifference as to the quantity of pain there is in the world, provided only it is kept out of our sight. Meanwhile, the chief practical object to be sought is the inculcating of greater humanity upon the class of "roughs" and others who beat their wives and maltreat the brutes.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN GRIEVANCE.

LEST the mere mention of an Anglo-Indian grievance should scare the general reader, who would probably as soon meet a bear robbed of her whelps as an Anglo-Indian Colonel with a case against the Horse Guards, let us hasten to state that we are not about to touch upon off-reckonings, half-batta, supersession, or the bonus system. These grievances are indeed interesting enough in their proper time and place, and Lord Cranborne must have known very little about the difficulties of carrying on conversation in India, or he would never have thought of abolishing them. An Anglo-Indian officer without a grievance is as unnatural an object as a white Othello. But the grievance we are about to discuss affects, not a special class of Anglo-Indians, but the whole body; and their oppressors are not their natural enemy, the Horse Guards, but their natural friend, near kinsman, and dear ally, the British nation. Everybody nowadays has connections, or else knows a friend who has connections, somewhere in India, and therefore everybody is in a position to practise the oppression which, on behalf of the injured Anglo-Indian, we deprecate. With all his Oriental vices and odious eccentricities—for which see Burke, and the light literature of the last century, *passim*—the Anglo-Indian is quite as much of "a man and a brother" as the Jamaica negro, and it is in the earnest hope of inducing a philanthropic public to regard the former with something like the

sympathy so readily bestowed on the latter that we now bring his wrongs before the world.

We want to know why on earth it is that an Anglo-Indian, when he goes into English society, should never be allowed to get rid of Indian associations, or to forget for a moment that there is that great and awful gulf, the overland route, between him and all his fellow-guests. An Englishman may live ten years in Germany, or Italy, or France, and become almost a foreigner in his modes of thought and action, yet, when he returns to his native land, no one—except that most objectionable, but happily limited, class, the self-improving people—will insist upon looking at him incessantly through French, German, or Italian spectacles. He is not stuffed with sauer-kraut, or drenched with oil, or suspected of an unnatural, un-English craving for frogs. If Continental affairs happen to turn up for discussion, he is no doubt specially appealed to as an authority; but still it is not, in ordinary conversation, thought necessary to approach him—as you approach a timid or vicious-looking horse with propitiatory oats—with a question about Schleswig-Holstein or the last new Allocution of the Pope. He is, in fact, allowed quietly to drop his Continental associations, and to relapse into his pristine status as an ordinary beef-eating, beer-drinking, weather-discussing Englishman. Very different is the lot of the wretched Anglo-Indian. He takes India with him everywhere, reversing the proverb about *cecum non animus*. We remember once trying to pose an old lady who dealt in spirits—we mean table-rapping spirits—by asking her how it was that her clients of the better class consented to exchange all the joys, conversational and musical, of their present abode for the apparently meagre and monotonous gratification of scratching a deal table in one of the dirty back streets of London. She was, however, quite equal to the occasion. "They carries their 'eavens with them" was a reply to cope with which satisfactorily required a more distinct conception of a future state of celestial bliss than is in these days vouchsafed to most men. And, in like manner, the Anglo-Indian wanderer carries everywhere his Indian heaven with him, though a heaven he does not perhaps always consider it. He is, for instance, connected with curry in the British mind as firmly as a Frenchman with frogs. If he goes to stop with a friend in the country, the hostess apologizes elaborately for having no curry to set before him, or, worse still, graciously prepares, as a pleasant surprise for him, a sickly compound, looking very much like rice and chicken in the last stage of jaundice, which she hopes he will like, and upon which he is expected to fall quite gluttonously. At heavy dinners, in thoughtful consideration of his conversational inferiority, great pains are taken to select for him a lady who, having a grandson in India, will take an interest in his favourite topics, but who cannot be made to understand that residence at Delhi does not necessarily involve an intimate knowledge of all that goes on at Madras. She speedily arrives at the conclusion that he is sulky, or very stupid, or else an impostor who has never done the overland route except at the Haymarket Theatre. Obliging neighbours who rush to the rescue, at the "awful pauses" which naturally result, all feel it their duty to bring their remarks within easy reach of his comprehension by giving them the proper Oriental tinge. Everything that comes on the table is dramatically treated from a supposed Anglo-Indian point of view, and as if to the semi-barbarous stranger it were one of the curiosities of Western civilization. His fellow-guests are charmed and relieved to hear that he gets butter in India, having been under the impression that the Koran forbade the Hindoos to milk a cow, and quite envy him his fresh enjoyment of the untropical luxury of ice; that is to say, they would envy him if it were possible for an Anglo-Indian ever to feel hot enough in this country to find ice really refreshing. He is strongly suspected of a would-be English affectation if he complains of heat under an August sun, or is not grateful for a blazing fire in his bedroom whenever the thermometer is below seventy. Another very common British illusion about the Anglo-Indian—more flattering than the rest, perhaps, but none the less dangerous to his comfort and peace of mind—is the idea that he is invariably rich, or at least well-to-do, and that, if he is a bachelor, he either wants, or ought to want, a wife. Indeed, if an Anglo-Indian bachelor comes home for only a few months, his friends all seem to take it for granted, as a matter of course, that he has come home expressly to marry, and vie with each other in throwing in his way some "sweet girl who would exactly suit him." He is suddenly alarmed to find that the flirtation with country cousins which used, before he left England, to be recognised on both sides as a perfectly safe and legitimate method of killing time, and keeping the lady's hand in for really eligible game, has now become too perilous to be exactly pleasant. Why, indeed, he should be looked upon as worth "bagging," he cannot, perhaps, for the life of him, understand. But still there are unmistakable symptoms in the social atmosphere—a suspicious something in little family-dinners, to which, before his departure for India, no well-regulated mother of a family dreamed of asking him—that betoken danger. He feels with a sigh that, though still, it may be, a poor man, he has somehow lost the poor man's privilege of dancing half a dozen times with the same young lady, and going after each dance into the balcony, without the slightest risk of being asked by any sane man or woman as to his intentions.

This last illusion is worth noticing, because it points, we believe, to the chief cause why the Anglo-Indian is treated in English society as if he were a strange and distinct species of the genus

Englishman. The notion that he is necessarily rich is evidently traditional, the legacy of the old days of nabobs and pagoda-trees. It is astonishing how long traditional impressions of this kind will last if they once get firm hold upon the national mind, and in the teeth of what stubborn facts they somehow contrive to keep alive. Notwithstanding the swarms of London shop-boys that nowadays crowd the Palais Royal, with just money enough for a cheap excursion fare and a few two-franc dinners, the French still assume every Englishman to be guilty of being rich, and therefore a fair subject for plunder, until he can bring convincing proof of his innocence. The delusion dates from the time when none but rich people could contrive to travel, and hence the notion of wealth entered naturally, and as a matter of course, into every French landlord's idea of an Englishman. He had as little conception of a poor Englishman as the King of Siam had of frozen water. And, in the same way, it is to the influence of tradition that Englishmen owe, more or less, their impressions of India and Anglo-Indians. They are not perhaps conscious of the influence, but it is none the less powerful on this account. Considering the number of people in this country who have friends and correspondents in India, to say nothing of all the information on Indian topics published in the newspapers, there is something astounding in the vagueness and haziness of the views entertained by the mass of English society as to the life which their fellow-countrymen lead in the East. A benevolent Briton, about a year ago—on the whole perhaps as wise and well-informed as the majority of his neighbours—gravely sent an Anglo-Indian friend a bundle of old newspapers round the Cape in order that the poor fellow might be kept *au fait* of what was going on in his own country, and not, on his return, be taken with surprise at hearing of the death of Lord Palmerston. It never entered into his head that an Anglo-Indian saw English journals regularly once a week, and knew of Lord Palmerston's death two or three days after its occurrence. We do not mean that, if he had been formally put through his catechism, he would have proved actually ignorant of the existence of the great P. and O. Company, or of the Indian line of telegraph. But it had probably never occurred to him to draw, for practical purposes, any distinction between the real India of the present day and the traditional India of a century ago, which still survives in the popular imagination, full of half-English, half-Hindoo nabobs, and rich in pagoda-trees. An Anglo-Indian who now "runs home" for the Derby Day, or to be present at the christening of his thirteenth nephew, finds it very hard to realize the untravelled-Briton sort of feeling with which he once regarded the same journey; to recall the pleasantly exciting consciousness of a perilous and somewhat heroic undertaking; his visions of the desert, strewn with the bleached bones of camels, victims of the fatal simoom; the "burning strand," alive with cobras, crocodiles, and Thugs; the tears and prayers of his family, who took as solemn and pathetic a farewell of him as if he had been another Regulus bound for Carthage. It would sadly have detracted from the dignity and pathos of these farewells if he had had any notion that the gravest perils to be encountered on the journey were the flirting propensities of frisky matrons, and the sherries of the P. and O. But the farewells were in strict harmony with the traditional British view of India, handed down from the days when it took eighteen months to get there, and few men thought of returning under fifteen or twenty years. The returned Anglo-Indian was in those days often enough a distinct and startling species of Englishman. He had perhaps lived for years without seeing a white face, and had become as ignorant of the conventionalities of English society as a Feejee Islander or a Hottentot. He scarcely spoke his own language correctly, or without introducing into it jargon hopelessly unintelligible to English ears. It was of course impossible to be for five minutes in the society of such a man without somehow associating every word and action of his with India, and feeling that, if conversation was to be carried on at all, it must be about the only subjects of which, humanly speaking, the poor barbarian could be supposed to know anything. He carried his Indian "even" about with him as effectually as if he had been tattooed triangularly on the forehead, or travelled with a harem of veiled beauties in all the glory of bangles and nose-rings. Kindly people were glad to see the savage take to good English butter, or anything civilized, and amiably congratulated him on possessing these Christian delicacies in a Pagan land.

But with all our respect for time-honoured traditions and venerable British prejudices, we submit that it is not quite fair to treat the modern Anglo-Indian in this way. He may not be the very newest product of nineteenth-century civilization, but still he is on the whole civilized. He has been known to spend a long evening in good society without exciting a suspicion that he had eaten real Indian curry on the banks of the Ganges. He is perhaps guilty of a few barbarisms. He may shock the waiter by asking if any "chit" has come from Miss Smith, or may mystify him by ordering "tiffin." It is perhaps alarming and mysterious to nervous old gentlemen in the smoking-room to hear him shout out "fire," when he only wants a light for his cigar. But these and similar eccentricities are few, and soon disappear. He reads the English papers with sufficient regularity to listen, if not exactly to talk, intelligently about subjects of general interest; and it is not, therefore, necessary, as it certainly is not kind, to condemn him, like a squirrel, to a never-ending round of the same remarks—for it is a safe calculation that he has made

the same remarks a thousand times before—about the heat of the climate or the sort of entertainments given in India. If he were so attached to India as never to tire of talking about it, the probability is that he would never have left it; and, on the other hand, if he really feels this attachment, it may be cruelly to remind him so constantly of his exile. Even if it be a fact—which, however, we are inclined to doubt—that he never feels hot in this country, and that he secretly shivers when the thermometer is below seventy, it cannot be pleasant to him, as a patriot, to be told so often of these un-English infirmities. In short, as we have already pointed out, though not a Jamaica negro, he is a man and a brother, and as such has a right to ask that this appeal on his behalf should not be made to a philanthropic public in vain.

THE IRON CROWN.

THE handing over of the "Iron Crown" to Victor Emmanuel is unquestionably an event of singular interest in connection with the ancient traditions of Italian history. Like most matters connected with Italy, it has given to sensation writers in newspapers an opportunity of displaying an amount of ignorance almost more sensational, certainly more amusing, than the high-flown periods in which it is exhibited. One writer sentimentally informed his readers that "this precious remnant of the past" was, in point of actual value, "worth only the few pence that would purchase the rusty bit of iron of which it is formed"; and another, as well informed upon the subject of its history as the first was upon that of its materials, feelingly observes that "it is impossible to contemplate without emotion the last descendant of the Cæsars handing over to a stranger the ancient hereditary diadem of his illustrious house."

The "last descendant of the Cæsars" is of course Francis Joseph. Yet, if he be at all the descendant of the Cæsars, why is he to be the last? There is, we thought, an Austrian Prince Imperial, who has, we presume, "descended from the Cæsars" (if this is the proper phrase for being born in the Imperial family) later than his father. We say nothing of the collateral branches, in which there seems to be no fear of the race of Cæsars becoming extinct. The stranger is "Victor Emmanuel," and the "hereditary diadem" of the House of Hapsburg is the iron crown. By what strange fatality is it that, even among well-educated men, nine out of ten cannot venture either to speak or write upon any subject connected with "the Holy Roman Empire" without falling into errors as absurd as that which regards the iron crown as the hereditary diadem of Francis Joseph.

Of the "iron crown" a very small portion is iron. The crown, like most other crowns, is made of gold and precious stones. Inside it is encircled with a narrow iron rim which derives its value and its sanctity from a tradition that it is actually made out of some of the nails of the Cross. Helena, the mother of Constantine, is said to have brought them from the Holy Land upon the occasion of the visit in which she ascertained the true place of the sepulture of Christ. By her an iron rim formed of these nails was given as a precious gift to the first Christian Emperor. There is no very clear or distinct account of the manner in which this iron rim got into possession of the Lombard kings. But unquestionably at a very early period the "iron crown" formed a part of the regalia of the sovereignty which, under the name of the Italian Kingdom, had been constituted in North Italy by Alboin, the chief of the Lombard invaders.

About the middle of the sixth century the Lombards—or, as the original name was, the Long-bearded Men—had wrested from the feeble hand of the Emperors a district occupying nearly the northern half of the Italian peninsula, with a small territory in the south. Pavia was the capital of this monarchy, and, by whatever means the Lombards may have acquired the sacred relic, the iron crown was the crown of the Italian Kingdom. Charlemagne married the daughter of the last king of the Lombard race. Ultimately, he divorced his wife and deposed his father-in-law, crowning himself in the Cathedral of Milan with the iron crown. To the title of King of Italy, which he thus acquired, the Pope and the Senate almost immediately added that of Emperor of Rome. But, though the dignities were thus united in one person, they were perfectly distinct, and were held in distinct rights. Charles was, in fact, King of the Franks, King of Italy, and he was also Emperor of Rome.

On the extinction of the descendants of Charlemagne, native princes seized, one after another, on the Italian crown. Some of them succeeded in obtaining the title of Emperor of Rome. No family, however, succeeded in firmly establishing its title, and after some years of civil war, the Kings of Germany were invited to the sovereignty, and finally it was settled that the Kingdom of Italy should be appendant to the German crown. The King of Germany (there never was an Emperor) was elected by the chiefs of the German tribes. By virtue of that election he became King of Italy, and entitled to wear the iron crown; and, as King of Italy, he acquired an inchoate right to be Emperor of Rome—a right, however, which required confirmation by the Roman Pontiff and Senate. Under this Imperial system three perfectly distinct sovereignties were united in the successor of Charlemagne. Elected King of Germany, he was crowned at Frankfort with the silver crown which was worn by the chief of the German nations. From this he proceeded either to Milan or Monza, where he was crowned King of Italy with the iron crown; afterwards he presented himself at Rome, and received from the Pope

the coronation without which he had no claim to any Imperial title. He never was Emperor until he was crowned Emperor of Rome, and for centuries no King of Germany ever ventured to assume the Imperial title until he had received coronation from the Pope.

This Imperial system really ceased with the election of Rudolph, the founder of the House of Hapsburg, to the Germanic crown. The Popes denied the Emperor all authority at Rome. The German Diet asserted the title of their chief to be Emperor without any assent or coronation from the Pope. Gradually the "Empire," although it never legally bore the title of German, became German, and not Roman. "The Holy Roman Empire" became exclusively a German institution under the control of a German Diet, and wholly separated from Rome. The somewhat shadowy prerogatives which had belonged to the Italian monarchy became, like the Imperial title, attached directly to the German sovereign, without any assumption of the Italian crown. The princes of the House of Hapsburg acquired at last possessions in Northern Italy in their own right. In all the later settlements or divisions of Italian territory the old Italian Kingdom had wholly disappeared. Its iron crown, however, remained at Milan; and because Milan was under the rule of the sovereign of Austria, the sovereign of Austria became the keeper of the crown. In 1806, as our readers know, the Emperor Francis laid down the Imperial crown then erroneously called that of Germany, and the Holy Roman Empire came formally to an end. From that hour there was no one who could put forward any pretensions to wear the iron crown of Alboin and the old Lombard kings. There was neither King of Italy nor Emperor of Rome. Napoleon had some shadow of claim to it when he declared himself King of a so-called Kingdom of Italy, and mimicked Charlemagne by placing it with his own hands upon his head. After the downfall of Napoleon the Congress of Vienna established a new Kingdom in Northern Italy in favour of Austria. But, with the most persevering obstinacy, the Emperor, acting on the advice of Metternich, refused to permit his new dominion to be called the Kingdom of Italy; it was, indeed, as a concession to his Italian subjects that he condescended to be crowned with the old iron crown as King of the realm, to which he gave the outlandish title of "the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom."

Such were the vicissitudes of this celebrated "iron crown." Originally it was the royal symbol of the Lombard sovereigns of the old Kingdom of Italy established by Alboin 1,300 years ago. Passing with that kingdom to Charlemagne from the monarchs of the Lombard race, it became in time appendant to the silver crown of the elected German kings. Surviving the realm which it represented, it remained through many a long year an unused and almost forgotten relic of the past. It was brought from its obscurity by Napoleon, in order, if possible, to connect with old titles a revolutionary throne. It became then the diadem of one who was indeed a stranger. It is at last restored to an Italian prince. Possibly no existing dynasty can show a perfect appropriateness in the wearing of that crown. The authority and the royalty it represents are things of the long-forgotten past, of which there is no representative in the present. Victor Emmanuel might probably find it hard to make himself out the successor of the "long-bearded" Alboin, or the inheritor of his crown. All that can be said is that the King of Italy has a better title to wear the iron crown than any other living man. Certainly the most sensitive sentimentalist may be spared any anguish he might feel in the thought that poor Francis Joseph, "the last descendant of the Cæsars," in giving up the iron crown of Alboin, is parting with "the ancient hereditary diadem of his house." Until after the erection of the newfangled "Lombardo-Venetian" Kingdom in 1815, not one of his ancestors ever had it on his head.

THE RECRUITING COMMISSION.

THE administration of the affairs of our army has at length produced the results which those interested in observing it had foreseen. So long as the old system, and the old rate of pay, procured recruits in such numbers and of such quality as satisfied the by no means exacting public, it was not likely that any War Minister or Commander-in-Chief would risk his credit with an economical Cabinet, or give a handle to a vigilant Opposition, by proposing expensive changes. But it has come to pass that the difficulty of obtaining recruits has increased at the very time when unusual gaps have been made in the ranks of the army by the refusal of a great part of the limited-service men to re-engage. This embarrassing state of things, which in ordinary times would probably have been ingeniously met by reducing the army to a level with the diminished supply of recruits, occurs at a moment when the great Powers are all engaged in putting in motion or modifying the machinery which augments their legions, and when a conviction exists that, as modern weapons and modern tactics demand increased intelligence in the soldier, the materials for the ranks must be sought in classes higher than that which formerly afforded the chief supply. No wonder that, in these circumstances, a Recruiting Commission was appointed; no wonder, either, that it found the problem submitted to it very difficult of solution—so difficult that critics are more than commonly bound to treat its suggestions with indulgence. The questions with which it had to deal resolve themselves into very simple elements; for the obstacles to recruiting are

mainly of two kinds—first, the effect of higher wages in civil life, offering immediate advantages with which military emoluments cannot compete; secondly, the prejudices against a life of constant discipline and restraint which are, in various ways, disseminated amidst the population. What the Commission had chiefly to consider, therefore, with regard to the reinforcement of the regular army, was how to make entrance into the service attractive, and continuance in it desirable. It is essential to bring to the consideration of these questions a practical knowledge of the details of the soldier's life, and yet to cast aside the prejudices which a military career is so apt to engender; and this union of experience and candour is by no means always to be met with. It is not uncommon to find regimental officers who have a very competent acquaintance with the numerous formulas that hem the soldier in from his enlistment to his death or discharge, but who are little capable of understanding his needs or his nature, or of exercising over him a large and beneficial influence; and the testimony of such men would be of no value to the Commissioners. To technical experience must be added sound sense and knowledge of human nature, if we would bring this pressing matter to a satisfactory issue; therefore we say again that the difficulties of the solution are great, and the Commissioners should be judged indulgently. In this spirit we will proceed first to consider their suggestions for rendering enlistment attractive, passing over their enumeration of the various advantages which have of late years been conferred upon the soldier, because, as these have manifestly failed to attract recruits, it would be loss of time to advert to them.

The Report, then, proposes to establish a distinct recruiting staff; to make it clearly understood that the recruit may choose what regiment he will enlist into, and that he cannot be transferred to another without his own consent; to establish depôts for these recruits who enlist for general service; to encourage enlistment at the head-quarters of regiments; to induce soldiers on furlough to enlist their friends; to maintain a recruiting connection between regiments and certain districts; to increase the rewards paid to enlistees; and to allow militiamen to enter the army without refunding the sum at present required from them. Now it is evident that in all this we have not so much radical improvements of existing machinery as a mere tightening of the old screws. The proposed measures might, we grant, produce a certain effect; but that effect could scarcely exceed the addition of a small percentage to our present average number of recruits. Yet the Report contemplates, not merely the supply necessary to keep the army at its present strength, but a considerable increase of that strength, for it tells us that our forces are barely sufficient for a peace establishment, and it points with alarm to the totally insufficient number of troops that could be assembled to oppose an invasion. Is it possible that the Commissioners themselves can imagine they have in any adequate degree provided for the exigencies of the case?

A recruit—that is to say, a young man of eighteen or twenty, not generally very well educated, nor very well qualified to earn in civil life a decent livelihood—is naturally improvident. Prospective advantages have small charms for him; the expectation of a pension separated from him by a distance of twenty-one years is almost as unalluring as if it were to be bestowed on somebody else; the influences which weigh with him must lie mainly in the actual present. Yet the Commissioners are averse, and we think rightly, to giving him an increased bounty, which, as they say, he would probably squander. Nevertheless, we think that an increased sum might with advantage be placed to his credit in the regimental savings' bank on his enlistment, to be paid to him at the end of a short term of years, contingent on good conduct. The knowledge that a sum worth considering was really his, to be forfeited only by his own act, would both attract the recruit, and be a constant surety for good behaviour.

We now come to the measures by which the Commissioners propose to induce men whose first term has expired to remain in the service. These are of two kinds—increased emoluments, and ameliorations of the conditions of military duty. Under the first head, they propose to increase the amount of clothing furnished at the public cost; to diminish the length of the terms of service at present required for the acquisition of successive additions to daily pay; a more liberal method of assessing barrack-damages; an increase in the daily ration of meat, without (we presume) an additional payment; augmented pay on re-engagement; and an increase of pension on discharge. The proposed ameliorations of discipline are, to deprive some penalties of their present cumulative effect of forfeiture of pay; to diminish as far as possible the sentinel duty at home and abroad; and to employ some of the ample leisure which the soldier possesses, especially in the infantry, in teaching him an industrial trade. Such are the means by which the Commissioners propose to render life in the army "lovely, and of good report."

Now these measures, so far as they go, are good. After ten or twelve years' service, a soldier fully appreciates the advantages of an increase of present pay and future pension; and if the hardships of the life to which he has then become habituated are to be lessened, he will of course be much more ready to bear the ills he has than fly to others which he knows not of. But the Commissioners do not go far enough. Though willing to deprive certain penalties of their cumulative effect, they leave others altogether untouched. For instance, there is the offence of drunkenness, elevated by the stringency of the military code into a crime, not only when committed on duty, but at all times and

seasons. A man who, in civil life, should be intoxicated in any degree only once in a quarter, would scarcely be regarded as a habitual drunkard. Yet such is the stigma affixed to the soldier who offends to that extent. And a fourth offence within the year brings with it a vastly accumulated penalty; for the offender is then, as a rule, tried by a court-martial on the charge of habitual drunkenness, and must undergo, mostly in addition to a term of imprisonment, an inevitable forfeiture of part of his daily pay; while the fact of trial by court-martial carries with it more remotely a cumulative effect. Now this offence is almost altogether the offspring of barrack life, and would be of much rarer occurrence in the field, from want of means and temptation to commit it. Remembering, then, that a great proportion of offenders of this class are arrested when on their devious way towards their beds, and that the British non-commissioned officer, being in the fixed persuasion that drunkenness is the normal condition of the British private, infers guilt from the slightest suspicion, we shall perhaps not be considered the apologists of intemperance if we advocate a very considerable relaxation of its penalties. Short absences from barracks, too, when no duty or military exercise is thereby evaded, are trivial offences which should not seriously affect the character of a soldier, and which yet form a large item in the defaulter's sheets. These might probably be more suitably atoned for by pecuniary fines than by confinement or forfeiture of indulgence, and should not be recorded as crimes.

The Report does not touch upon the immensely important question of regulating soldiers' marriages. At present a small percentage of men obtain leave to marry; quarters or lodgings are provided for them, and their wives are authorized to earn something towards defraying the family expenses by washing for the single soldiers; while, on the removal of the regiment to another station, they are entitled to transport. Their children too have all the advantages of the regimental schools. None of these benefits are accorded to the soldier married without leave. He must live in barracks, and mess with the single men. His wife must find her own lodgings, to defray the cost of which, and of her food and clothes, he can only contribute the very scantiest modicum of his pay, so that, if she cannot earn sufficient for herself and her children, starvation is imminent; and the misery that ensues when, the regiment being ordered abroad, these wretched beings are left to shift for themselves, is incalculable, while the effect on the popularity of the service cannot be otherwise than disastrous. The remedy we would propose is that, while strictly refusing recognition to marriages contracted without leave, every private soldier should be allowed to marry on completing his first term of service, and be admitted to all the privileges that accompany the sanction. By thus substituting a certainty for a chance too slender to be effective as a restraint, a large proportion of the men who now marry without leave, in despair of ever obtaining it, would be content to wait the prescribed time. One of the most serious evils existing in the service might thus be greatly diminished, while an additional premium would be offered for re-enlistment.

Again, as it seems to us, the Commissioners, although they very judiciously propose to reduce sentinel duty to a minimum, do not sufficiently consider that the *irksomeness* of duty and of discipline is a main grievance of a soldier's life, causing more discontent than scanty pay or frequent punishment. Proficiency in military exercises cannot be carried beyond a certain point, and a few years will make a man as perfect a private soldier as he is likely to become in the longest period of service. Yet year after year he goes on in the same dull round of manual, and platoon, and inspections, and the evolutions of the drill ground; for ever mechanically obeying the same perpetual injunctions to "dress up" and "step together," till intellect is dwarfed and energy enfeebled by the unchanging monotony. Even his punishments largely consist of drill, rendering it difficult for him to draw the proper distinction between the exercise which he sulkily performs as an expiation, and that which he is expected to execute with alacrity and pride as an exhibition of military proficiency. It would be easy to substitute for much useless parade, for many unmeaning pieces of pedantry, and for some evolutions which modern weapons have rendered impossible of execution in war, exercises which, while interesting to the troops, would be of constant application in the field—such as the dispositions for the escort of a convoy, the placing of a line of advanced posts, the occupation and attack of a position, and the passage of obstacles in presence of an enemy.

The weakest point of the Report is unfortunately that part of it which refers to the question, perhaps the most important of those submitted to the Commission, "how to provide an army of reserve." Former attempts, it says, have resulted "in complete failure"; and the Commissioners are "not prepared to propose any plan that may be relied on" to secure the object in view. But the attention they have bestowed on measures for inducing old soldiers to re-enlist makes it quite clear that, in their minds, this Reserve is not to be formed chiefly of troops trained in the regular army; and, in fact, the only positive opinion they express on the subject is, that it is to the Militia we must look for this important force. The Commissioners seem to have overlooked the fact that it is much more desirable to contemplate the employment of this force in a foreign field than in the defence of the kingdom; and as for depending on our ordinary means of recruiting for the reinforcement of our army when operating in the territory of an enemy, the experience of 1855, when the gaps of our Crimean army were filled with the sweepings of the population, is a sufficient warning. The Prussian system is the reverse of that which the Commissioners seem to

contemplate. Under it, the Reserves are formed of men who have already passed through the army; and, without disputing that the question is full of difficulty, we believe that the solution for us lies in the same direction. We think it very doubtful whether an army largely composed of re-enlisted men is likely to be better than one formed of young soldiers. Long monotonous service absorbs much of a man's energy, and leaves him with less heart for his duties than he once possessed. In fact, we believe that the private soldier deteriorates in almost all essential points after a period shorter than that of his first engagement. And, without attempting to dogmatize on the subject which has so completely baffled the Commission, we would suggest that a policy the very opposite of that which the Report points to is well worth consideration. A short period of service in the regular army, followed, according to the conditions of enlistment, by service in the Reserve, would possess many advantages and obviate many difficulties. Trained soldiers who had served their time would return into the body of the population, to practise those trades which (in accordance with one of the best suggestions the Report contains) they would learn in the intervals of military duty. Like the Militia, they would be assembled for a time in each year to practise their military exercises; but, unlike the Militia, they would be liable to serve against a foreign enemy. A new impulse would be given to recruiting if enlistment no longer entailed the service of the best part of a life; military training might even come to be regarded as an agreeable and honourable interlude; the restraints of discipline and the monotony of drill would sit lightly; and the marriage difficulty would be altogether at an end, since soldiers would not be permitted to marry during their regular service. Above all, we should have an efficient Reserve. One great objection to the scheme is that it would be difficult, were it executed, to protect our colonies, as now, with regular troops. But the employment of our army on colonial service—sorely diminishing, as it does, our means of engaging in a foreign or defensive war, adding a vast item for transport to our military expenditure, and widely dispersing a great part of our forces in distant dependencies where they can never share in the necessary training imparted in camps of instruction—is of itself a large and most important subject, and a Commission which should point out some feasible alternative would have deliberated to some purpose.

Altogether, it is unfortunately quite clear that the Report is inconclusive and unsatisfactory, and that matters for serious debate still exist which it would require many such Commissions as the present to bring to a successful issue. Large and momentous questions, such as those we have suggested, must be dealt with, not in a timid and feeble spirit, but with the boldness and wisdom necessary to plan the thorough reforms that have become essential to the efficiency of the army and the security of the country.

LAW APPOINTMENTS.

THE Attorney-General, in his graceful address to Lord Chief Justice Erle, expressed the unanimous opinion of the Bar, and of all competent critics and observers. No judge in modern times has been more entirely exempt from the foibles which sometimes diminish the utility and the brilliancy of high judicial qualities. Chief Justice Erle was neither hasty nor indolent; he was not eager to display his own acuteness by unnecessary questions and interruptions; and he combined with profound knowledge of law a love of justice which is sometimes liable to be forgotten in the too subtle pursuit of legal analogies. Lord Campbell, who was perhaps, in some respects, a greater judge, could seldom resist the temptation of a popular commonplace. Baron Parke, though he was not less learned or upright, sometimes followed the clue of verbal logic where it diverged from common sense and from practical justice. Although Sir William Erle only presided in the Court of Common Pleas for seven years, he had previously acquired a high reputation by long service as a puisne judge in the Court of Queen's Bench. In both capacities he secured, by his demeanour as well as by his efficient discharge of his duties, the respect and esteem of all practitioners. It was fortunate that his intended retirement was announced beforehand, so that the Bar was enabled to pay him a suitable compliment at his last appearance on the Bench. As the late Chief Baron determined on his retirement after the end of Trinity Term, there was no opportunity of a formal leave-taking; yet Sir Frederick Pollock's long and stainless career as an advocate and a judge well deserved recognition. The old race of lawyers who were also scholars or men of science is becoming rapidly extinct, and a Chief Baron who more than sixty years from his senior-wranglership retained his interest in literature and recent discoveries can not have been an ordinary man. During the same period of active professional labour, Sir Frederick Pollock was never even thought capable of any indirectness or neglect of duty. Sir William Erle is, however, well advised in retiring at a much earlier age, and his abilities will probably for many years be available to the country in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The inconvenient longevity of the Irish Bench has happily not extended to England. The oldest judge of the three Common Law Courts is Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who a week ago was the youngest in official seniority. Nearly all the puisne judges, and two of the chiefs, are still in the full vigour of their age.

If the disposal of patronage constitutes felicity, Lord Derby may

be considered fortunate, although it oddly happens that Bishops never die during a Conservative Administration. The vacancy at the head of the Queen's Bench in Ireland was doubly welcome, because it relieved the Government from the Parliamentary support of Mr. Whiteside; but, on the other hand, the promotion of Sir Hugh Cairns to the English Court of Appeal involved a serious political sacrifice. Two out of the three highest Common Law appointments have fallen to the share of Ministerial supporters; and two vacancies have, after an interval of many years, been created on the Equity Bench. It happened that there were not, on either side, many eligible candidates for the vacant offices. Sir Roundell Palmer would scarcely have retired from the Bar except as Lord Chancellor, and Lord Russell's Government would probably have appointed the present Attorney-General to the post which is now occupied by Sir Hugh Cairns. Mr. Malins, though he was a zealous party politician, is far more eminent as a successful practitioner in Equity than as a member of Parliament. His long experience will probably make him a competent judge, and he has not passed over the head of any prominent competitor. The Government may perhaps suffer some inconvenience from the want of law officers possessing political and Parliamentary weight. Sir John Rolt is a mere lawyer, and his destined colleague has never sat in the House of Commons. At present Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Coleridge are the only lawyers who can pretend to Parliamentary eminence. Sir R. Collier and Mr. Denman occupy a respectable position on the same side of the House; while among Ministerial members Mr. Selwyn has failed to attain Parliamentary success, and Mr. Brett is still untried. Mr. Russell Gurney was absent from England, in the public service, during a large part of his first Session. Mr. Montague Chambers is useful to his party when it is desirable to defeat a motion by talking against time. It is not surprising that many able advocates fail as debaters and political orators. Forensic eloquence almost necessarily deviates from the rules of art, both when it is addressed to the untutored intelligence of juries, and when the speaker relies on the attention and fairness of a judge. In arguing a case of fact or of law, it is necessary to say everything material, and sometimes it is expedient to say it several times over. The earnest manner which expresses conviction can only be the result of affection, and an honest man would almost desire that his conventional enthusiasm should be slightly transparent. The practice of the law occupies the intellectual faculties sufficiently, and only the most active minds cultivate interests or habits of thought outside the professional range. In Parliament, on the other hand, the debater has to deal with some definite portion of a great question, and to omit many arguments which might be essential to an exhaustive treatment of his subject. A critical and suspicious audience gives him no credit for verbal fluency, and it readily discerns the faintest indication that he is speaking from a brief. In a certain sense, a lawyer in Parliament may always be regarded as an adventurer, inasmuch as he is a candidate for the most valuable kind of preferment. It is, on the whole, wonderful that lawyers receive and deserve a fair degree of toleration. It is, however, but just to admit that, among the present race, few are so tiresome as the Wilde and Campbell of a former generation; nor can the collective body emulate the grave statistical confusion that was associated with the name of Sir Fitzroy Kelly. Fortunately, experience shows that dull members of Parliament may become very tolerable judges.

While the Bench and the Bar are respectively qualified to discharge their usual duties, the condition of the highest Court of Appeal causes a certain amount of dissatisfaction. The approximate immortality of Law Lords involves some practical inconvenience, and there is often a difficulty in the creation of new legal peerages. Some years ago Lord Palmerston and Lord Cranworth committed a grave error in attempting to remedy, by the revival of an obsolete prerogative, an evil which perhaps required the intervention of Parliament. The House of Lords was afraid of a partial modification of its hereditary character, and the profession disliked an apparent imputation of inferiority. The constitutional objection to the irregular intervention of the Crown proved fatal to the experiment; but opinion has always been divided as to the expediency of creating peerages for life. It has been lately suggested that the great dignitaries of the law should sit in the House of Lords by virtue of their office; and if the scheme were adopted, there would probably be no objection to their retaining their dignity for life. The plan would be preferable to the arbitrary creation of life-peers by the Minister of the day; and if it is absolutely necessary to strengthen the House of Lords as a Court of Appeal, no better arrangement could readily be devised. The Lord Chancellor would still be an hereditary peer, and the power of the Crown to ennoble judges, as well as any other subjects, would remain unaltered. It may, however, be doubted whether there is any need of two Supreme Courts of Appeal; and the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, which constantly receives fresh reinforcements, is better qualified for its duties than the House of Lords. All the Law Lords are members of the Judicial Committee, while the majority of the retired judges, including Sir William Erle, have no seats in the House of Lords. The most obvious objection to the proposal is that the lay peers will probably cling to the nominal jurisdiction in which they have for many years not been allowed to share. An old ivy-grown tree scarcely knows whether it derives a partial support from the parasitical growth. The House of Lords acquired judicial authority when it was more important that a Court should be

powerful than that it should be learned. The jurisdiction would long since have been withdrawn but for the custom of giving peerages to lawyers, who for all judicial purposes constitute the House of Lords. Life peerages, official or personal, might, like many other tentative innovations, be stigmatized as an application of the thin edge of the wedge; but, in political as in physical mechanics, wedges also have their use.

MR. MARTINEAU AND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

THE Council of University College, London, occupies at this moment the convenient vantage ground of having been wise enough to give no reasons for a very foolish action. We can never feel that an opponent is quite at our mercy so long as he insists upon holding his tongue. There is always in the background the possibility that he may have a better case than we think, and that his conduct may have been determined by considerations which we have omitted to take into account. Still there is a limit to the allowance which a man may claim on this score. When every conceivable theory of his conduct has been tried and found wanting, and still more when injudicious advocates, instead of imitating their client's silence, insist upon disclosing the motives which have really influenced him, we may fairly assume that we are in possession of all that it is material to know. If, after this stage is reached, we are still charged with coming to a conclusion upon insufficient evidence, the prisoner who declines to plead must take the chief share of the blame. The facts connected with Mr. Martineau's rejection by the Council are not, we believe, disputed. Upon the resignation of the late Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy, the Senate of the College, consisting of the whole teaching body, appointed a committee of six to examine into the claims of the various applicants for the vacant post. In the Report of this Committee the superiority of Mr. Martineau's intellectual claims was fully admitted; but mention was made of an alleged danger, upon the reality of which the Committee did not undertake to pronounce, that his position as a religious teacher might operate injuriously on the numbers attending his class. The Report was adopted by the Senate with the omission of this qualification, and consequently came before the Council as a simple recommendation of Mr. Martineau for the Professorship. The question was debated before and after the Long Vacation, and the Council decided in the end to pass over the Senate's recommendation without assigning reasons, and to reject Mr. Martineau's application.

The outcry provoked by this decision assumed in the first instance that University College had been suddenly smitten with a passion for orthodoxy. It was supposed to have sown its theological wild oats, to have settled down into a sedate middle-aged respectability, and to be profoundly impressed with the intellectual and moral value of a mild Evangelical dissent. The former occupant of the Chair of Mental Philosophy had been a Presbyterian minister of no particular views, and the authorities of this once "godless" College were supposed to shudder at the notion of replacing him by anything so heretical as an Unitarian. There was no knowing to what lengths such a conversion as this might not be carried, or whether the Council would be ultimately content with anything short of a Bampton Lecturer. It is fair to say that this first hasty theory does not seem to have any foundation in fact. The amateur counsel who have retained themselves on behalf of the defendant have shown no disposition to quarrel with Mr. Martineau for having religious opinions of his own. If they have a secret feeling that these are inconvenient luxuries in University College, they keep that feeling to themselves. Mr. Martineau's offence has been of another and worse complexion. He has allowed his religious opinions to deepen into religious convictions. He has taken up a "pronounced theological position." He has not only been a religious teacher—that, if he had been content to stop there, might have been overlooked—but he has had the bad taste to be active, and the misfortune to be eminent. What University College wants is a safe mediocrity. If it defects from that single aim, how shall the British Philistine leave his son there any longer? He may as well send him at once to Oxford, to take his choice between Rationalism and Popery. Mr. Martineau's sins do not even end here. Besides setting at nought that judicious separation between intellect and religion which the middle-class Englishman loves to see strictly maintained, he has been bringing up his brother ministers to follow his own evil courses. He has been Professor in a Unitarian Theological Institution, and thereby perhaps been instrumental in training another generation of philosophers to be a nuisance to some future Council. Clearly a man with such tendencies as these is a man to be carefully watched, and it can only be regretted that the imperfect state of the law does not give the authorities of University College the right to apply for an injunction to restrain Mr. Martineau from committing himself in this way any more.

We must not, however, suppose that the Council objects to Mr. Martineau's "pronounced theological position" simply for its own sake. On the contrary, those who seem to be best informed as to the secret grounds of the Council's determination are eager to assure us that any true member of University College would be quite incapable of such bigotry. According to this view of the case, the question for or against Mr. Martineau has been decided on the common-sense principle of whether his appointment would pay. The object of the College is, first, to get the students' fees,

and then to teach them; and, while it is quite willing to promote the latter object so far as it is consistent with the former, it feels that it must not suffer itself to be led away by idle clamour into forgetting the primary end of its existence. If the Council had only students to deal with, its course would be plain enough, since Mr. Martineau's reputation might be safely trusted to secure a good attendance. But, unfortunately, between the College and its pupils there comes, so far as money is concerned, a middleman in the person of the parent. Probably the latter is not particularly inclined to let his son learn philosophy at all, and consequently this unwillingness must be disarmed by some concession to his prejudices on other points. If he has never heard of the subject, it would be harsh to deprive him of the consolatory reflection that the world has never heard of the teacher. If the Council will openly confess that this is the ground of their rejection, we do not see that it can be impugned. The Polytechnic Institution has long been administered on the same principle, with a very fair degree of success. Its scientific lectures are carefully adapted to catch the popular taste, and induce the largest possible number of persons to pay their shilling at the door. Gower Street is not so well situated for this kind of thing as Regent Street, but if it will only study the policy of its more fortunate rival, we see no reason why it should not obtain as much of public patronage as can be expected to find its way east of Tottenham Court Road. The only advice we would give the Council is to beware of half measures. To reject Mr. Martineau is a step in the right direction, but it is only a step. The next thing to be done is to suspend the study of mental philosophy altogether, at any rate during the winter months. A students' dramatic class would form a much better preparation for Christmas gaieties, and the term might be appropriately wound up by an amateur pantomime. The finances of the College would be materially benefited by the substitution, and, in the event of further vacancies among the Professors, the Council would no longer be worried by applications from eminent religious teachers.

So much for the argument from religion. It is not perhaps as conclusive as the friends of the College could wish, but we do not think the position has been improved by the importation of the argument from philosophy. It is hard to see how the Council can successfully defend themselves against the charge of exclusiveness by the plea that they rejected Mr. Martineau, not because he is a Unitarian, but because he is an Idealist. His religious peculiarities would, it seems, be harmless in themselves if they did not imply a superstitious belief in an immaterial soul. It would at least be desirable, if this is to be the defence relied on, to have that portion of the College charter set out which assigns to the Council the task of pronouncing between antagonistic schools of philosophy. It is a curious spectacle when a body, which has by its composition no opinion whatever upon the relative merits of different religions, undertakes to dogmatize upon those fundamental questions which underlie all religions. In this case, too, Mr. Martineau may fairly complain of a certain want of frankness on the part of the Council in their original notice to candidates. They ought to have advertised for sensationalists, and for sensationalists only. By making no limitation of this kind they certainly gave the world to understand that they intended to elect the best candidate who might offer himself, without regard to anything save his intellectual qualifications. It is possible, of course, that the authorities of University College hold that the mere fact of a man's being an Idealist is a sufficient disproof of his claim to be a philosopher. For this is what this defence amounts to, if it amounts to anything. It is not contended that any other candidate for the Professorship possessed the intellectual claims of Mr. Martineau, unless the assumed superiority of a particular school of thought was allowed to weigh down the balance. If the contest had lain between two thinkers of equal eminence in their respective lines, we could have understood the Council preferring the candidate whose views happened to agree with those of a majority of its members. *Ceteris paribus*, it is perfectly reasonable that a sensationalist should give his vote for a sensationalist. But here there was no contest at all, there was no dispute as to which of two was the more competent man to fill the vacant chair; the simple question was, whether a candidate of pre-eminent merit in all other respects was to be disqualified by the circumstance of his not belonging to a particular philosophical school. On the whole we recommend the Council to fall back on the line of defence set up for them in the first instance. After all, the new philosophical bigot is only the old theological bigot "writ large"; and, to our minds, the original variety is decidedly the more respectable of the two.

THE PROPOSED SHEFFIELD COMMISSION.

THE chiefs of the "Operatives' Unions," to use their own description of themselves, no doubt consider that they have got the measure of Mr. Secretary Walpole's foot; and that the foot is not the foot of Hercules. The official guardian of the public peace is so good that he is only fit for a Utopia. His charity goes beyond that of the Apostle. Not only does he think no evil even of Mr. Beales's amiable hordes, but he would probably solve the old insolubility of the origin of evil by denying its existence. To such a temper, and to such a temper alone, the astute move of the operatives in backing, or affecting to back, the demand made by the Sheffield authorities for a Special Commission to inquire into "Sheffield outrages,"

would be likely to recommend itself. The Unionist chiefs know their man. They appear to have reckoned upon the successive steps through which, not without reason, they assumed that the mind, so to say, of the Home Office would pass on its way to the conclusion, so welcome to the official spirit, that on the whole nothing could be done. "Here"—so we may conjecture them as calculating the deliberations of Mr. Walpole—"I have an application from Sheffield, and its Mayor and manufacturers, to do a very unusual thing. The applicants do not tell me, if they know, what is likely to come of it. If they mean anything, they think that they can inculcate somebody—either some persons or some organization—on whom they will fasten the responsibility of all these blowings-up and murderous assaults. But this is a very difficult matter. If there is a conspiracy, the conspirators are not likely to peach. And here I have, if not the very persons or societies who are under suspicion, at least their fellows and representatives and superiors, asking for inquiry just as strongly as the Sheffield magistrates. Can there be a stronger proof of their innocence? Guilty men never invite a trial. It is only the consciousness of integrity that challenges investigation in this way. No good can come of the Special Commission; if it is abortive, it will do more harm than good. We had better let well alone. The flea may as well stick to the wall." Now, whether this will or will not turn out to be Mr. Secretary Walpole's decision, we shall see. But Mr. Walpole's antecedents are just those which would justify Mr. Potter and his fellows in anticipating this result. Anyhow, if the deputation to the Home Office has not had this effect on the mind of the Home Secretary, it has done its work with the *Times*. The writer of the article in that journal of the 20th of November has been quite won by the simplicity and guilelessness of the move of the Unionists. Suspicion is disarmed by this bold and honest proceeding. "Of course the Trades' Unions do not connive at such criminal violence as the Sheffield outrages."

It is an infirmity of some little minds that they are suspicious. For ourselves, we own to be of a grudging, hesitating temper in relation to this matter. Confidence is a plant of slow growth, not only in aged, but in other breasts. It is not by any means so transparently clear to our slow and reluctant apprehension that the Unions, or some or one of them, have nothing to do with these outrages merely because some leading Unionists ask for an inquiry. It has occurred, in the history of criminal cases, that a murderer has been the first to summon the police. This may or may not be the case as regards the series of Sheffield outrages generally, or the Fearnough infernal machine in particular. It is a mere matter of fact that there is a very wide and deep impression at Sheffield that these murderous attacks are not isolated acts of savagery planned and executed by single persons, but that they mean a good deal more. And further, it is thought that something, if not all, of this good deal more would be brought to light by a Special Commission. Possibly—or, if the *Times* likes it, probably—this might not be the result of the inquiry. The case might break down, and, though suspicion would be increased, legal proof of complicity would not be forthcoming. But to say this is only to look at half of the question. The mere fact that the magistrates of Sheffield and the manufacturers of Sheffield are convinced that the Commission would do good constitutes in itself a sufficient ground for granting it. They are better judges than we can be in London. They know the state of their own town. They know, from a long and frightful experience, what it is to be haunted by terrors by day, and fear and trembling by night. Men who hold their lives by a thread—who, as soon as they have ascertained that they are marked men, enjoy existence only under the protection of detectives and policemen—have a right to have even their timid spirits consulted. Sheffield may be possessed by a panic terror, but a panic terror which possesses a whole town may justly demand to be reassured. If the Government cannot do anything for them—if it turns out that law armed with extraordinary solemnities, and investigation pursued under unusual auspices, are after all powerless—it will be something to know the worst. Better by far to break up the Sheffield trade, and to dismiss capital and industry and invention to more peaceful homes, than to carry them on under these terrible and humiliating conditions. And as to the Union authorities, let them be taken at their word. The deputation at the Home Office consisted, we can easily believe, of those who are not implicated. Even if the local Unions, or rather, some of the local Unionists—it may or may not be in their official capacity—are compromised to the extent of guilty complicity with these outrages, nobody supposes that the Head-Centres in London, Mr. Potter or the editor of the *Beehive*, knew anything about them. Nobody supposes that a murder is ordered in London, and that the secret *Vehme* directs its execution in Sheffield. This is not the way in which even the most criminal of secret societies do their business. This sort of thing only takes place in novels, or in the fervid imagination of plot-inventors of the low powers of Mr. Titus Oates. The Trades' Unions are of the nature of a federation, which leaves to the several members much independence of action. Not only is there no concert between the several Unions on their private concerns, but it is important that there should be no trace of any communication between them. The Head-Centres take good care to know as little as possible of local affairs. Whatever, therefore, may be the result of the proposed Commission, still, as it cannot compromise the London executive or any other Trades' Unions than those of Sheffield, the deputation which attended at the Home Office

risked nothing by their adhesion to the demand for a special inquiry. They can lose nothing, and they are wise enough to understand that they may indirectly gain something by the proof, which will be easy enough, that they knew nothing of the Fearnough incident. Their very anxiety, however, is of that character which protests too much. Somehow it seems that there is more of guilty apprehension than of honest indignation in the particularly stupid account of the matter which is authoritatively adopted by the *Beehive*—namely, that Fearnough blew up himself and his family, in order to discredit the Union cause generally.

We believe and trust that the Commission will be issued, and that, after all, Mr. Walpole will act upon the convenient view that, if it does no good, it can do no harm. The very strongest argument hitherto urged against it is that it will probably be a failure. But it will be a failure only if there is nothing to unravel. It is assuming the whole question to argue, as the *Times* writer has done, that although there is no doubt about the system under which these outrages are perpetrated, the whole thing is so vague and impalpable that the perpetrators and instigators can never be got at, nor even guessed. It is for the very purpose of getting at them that a special and unusual machinery of investigation is demanded. And at Sheffield, at any rate, the conviction is very strong that a good deal will be got out. The experience of other secret societies is all in favour of investigation. If there are assassins who will be hired to do a certain work, their fidelity to their horrid cause is not to be relied upon. There are, happily, traitors in the very worst of camps. We know nothing of the secret things of Sheffield; but what the demand for the Commission means is, that at Sheffield there is a profound conviction that these local outrages are not the work of any single incendiary or murderer, but are the known and planned execution of direct commissions. This is the point at issue, and it is assumed in the negative by the *Times*. Now, whether this be so or not is a matter of no small social importance. Should the suspected combinations be proved to exist, it is impossible to exaggerate the value of such a discovery. Should it be disproved completely and thoroughly, no one will have greater reason to rejoice than the friends of the Unions. Should the result be an open verdict of Not Proven, it will do something, not only to reassure the better, but to inspire a little wholesome awe into the worse, mind of Sheffield. For it will at least show that, even if there are occasions on which law cannot effectually interfere, there is no crime which—as would almost seem to be the case at present—the law of England regards with sleepy indifference.

RECENT HUNGARIAN POLITICS.

III.

THE Vienna Burg has always been the Castle of political Indolence. After the sluggish Swabian has at length shaped his palsied intentions into something like a policy, he carefully wraps them in the mystery which he thinks essential to statecraft. Then, like Hamlet, he puts off action till action is of no use, and all his enterprises are turned awry. These natural propensities of the Austrian Cabinet were now intensified by other causes. A majority amongst the Deutschthum was jealous of too much concession to Hungary, and cast lingering regards after the Reichsrath. The Autonomist Germans began to shrink from the measures which they themselves had advocated; and even their illustrious chief, M. Kaiserfeld, seemed to look askance at the reconstruction of the Empire on a dual plan. Then the debates of the local Diets showed that the old hydra of provincial *particularismus* was still rampant. Unanimous in nothing but in a desire to prevent the development of an Austrian *universalismus*, its manifold heads proclaimed, with no ambiguous voice, that the good time might be coming when honest men would get their own. Czechs demanded the restoration of the great Moravian Empire, Ruthenes clamoured for the partition of Galicia, Wends would no longer sit in the same Landtag with Germans, and asked for a general Diet of the Slovenes species, while Croats called upon their sovereign to create the Triple Illyrian Kingdom, and wear its hitherto subjective crown. This babel of cries was not calculated to help the Austrian Cabinet, which besides, like the Empire, was a house divided against itself. Count Maurice Esterhazy, its actual head—by birth and habit as much a Frenchman as a Hungarian, of persuasive powers and eager temper, who might have passed for a politician if all his plans had not failed—true to the traditions of his family, seemed to see Austria's advantage and his own in the maintenance of the dynastic interests of the Imperial house. Count Majláth, who was at least credited with a belief in his own opinions, cared more for Hungary than for Austria, and would have wished to establish a Dualism on the basis of a conservative Hungarian system. Count Belcredi, lately Statthalter of Bohemia, an Italian by descent and a Bohemian by accident, recommended for the future Constitution of the Empire the Federalism advocated by Slave *separatismus*. Count Larisch, a rich proprietor, whose elegant equipages gave complete satisfaction to the Vienna world, and who had been named Minister of Finance because his estates had been well managed by an intelligent agent, opposed the grant of the Hungarian demands. Count Mensdorff, the mirror of chivalry and pink of courtesy, leaning, though with somewhat Laodicean energy, to the liberal centralization recently tried and found wanting, would have stooped to extreme conces-

sion rather than protract that political chaos which had already lasted long enough to compromise the Empire's dignity and endanger its strength. A Cabinet composed of such varied marquetry would under any circumstances have tended to indecision, a vice not likely to be cured by any stimulus coming from the sovereign. For though the Emperor Francis Joseph exhibits something of the characteristic tenacity of his race, his stiffness of opinion is seldom translated into energy of action. On the present occasion his love of piecemeal measures was encouraged by his reading of the feelings of his Magyar subjects. Seventeen years of rule had failed to teach him that Hungarian patriotism was a fire which he could not hold in his hand by thinking on the snowy Caucasus of empty Austrian promise. The love of liberty, not for what it might be worth, but for itself, was a transcendental sentiment which his moral lexicon did not contain. He had a royal theory of the instincts that drove the Magyars to oppose his will. They were a people of lawyers, whose lust of litigation drove them to the folios of their Tripartitum and the dog's-ears of their Golden Bull. Talk was their object, and precedent their God. When Baron Eötvös had chattered himself into bronchitis, and M. Déak was tired of repeating, *usque ad nauseam*, the legal history of Hungary from Attila and Almu downwards, then, and not till then, all would go smoothly. In order to hasten this process, after consulting a mere fraction of his advisers, the Emperor issued a rescript which almost repeated the blunders of 1861. He smartly lectured both Houses of the Landtag for entertaining those notions of Hungarian separatism which were so fatal to the unity of the whole Empire. At the same time he avoided specific recrimination, and did not, as on the former occasion, rashly plunge into an unequal discussion with M. Déak on questions of fact and law. Amongst other pungent encouragements to confidence, the Sovereign held up the well-known piety of his personal intentions, which he conceived to be as useful a guarantee as the Golden Bull. Though generally keeping clear of anything like a syllogism, the rescript contained an *ignoratio elenchi* which deserves to be cited by some future Aldrich as a finished example of what logicians call the fallacy of the irrelevant conclusion. The real difficulties at issue were the independent Cabinet, the municipal system, the limits of the prerogative, and so forth. These crucial matters were but vaguely mentioned. Now the laws of 1848 had maintained the ancient dignity of Palatine (partly to gratify the Archduke who then held the office), and, in accordance with the prevalent French fashion, had established a National Guard. But neither institution had entered into the catalogue of present grievances. Their restoration had not been mooted. They were systematically ignored, because it never entered into the brain of any sane Hungarian to ask for them. But the author of the rescript, being in search of victory on easy terms, triumphantly dragged to light these two dead Hungarian lions, and annihilated them with a few Hapsburg kicks.

When this document was published abroad, great indignation followed. Its immediate result was to increase M. Déak's prestige and power, as well in the Diet as out of doors, and to crumple up the young Court party. Finding that the rescript was repugnant to every shade of national opinion, M. Déak drafted a second address, which reiterated the Diet's former arguments and criticized the Royal message. The Hungarians, said this document, must continue to insist on the full restoration of their rights, which can only be done by legal means. The monarch's religion was a very precious thing, and, looking to the excellent education which the son of so pious a father had presumably received, no one could doubt that the next King would be pious too. But then it might be rash to discount the piety of more remote wearers of the Crown. So that the Diet would prefer to stick to more carnal guarantees. A turmoil amongst the Tigers hurried the new address to acceptance before its text had been approved by the House. Not a single member voted against it. Two or three recalcitrants from the Right and Mountain purposely absented themselves from the division. But that pillar of Hapsburg influence, M. Bartal, laying his hand on the arm of Count George Apponyi, who had risen to leave before heads were counted, caused the old Conservative Coryphæus to join with himself and the rest of the Court party in supporting M. Déak. Never had Parliamentary chieftain won a greater and more useful success. Thenceforth M. Déak filled, if that were possible, a larger place in the hearts of his countrymen than before. Contemporary Europe can show no more striking figure. Homely and frugal in his habits beyond even the example of a De Witt, pure and incorruptible as Kicasoli or Aristides, a master in lucid and philosophic statement, unrivalled for his knowledge of constitutional history and law, brimming with wit, anecdote, and allusion, whether as the genial companion of the Casino or the *pater patriæ* in the Senate, Franz Déak reigns supreme. Surely it is not amongst the least of many splendid merits of the Magyars that they, so prone to the flowery forms of speech, have, with rare unanimity of consent, reposed their trust, not on some flashy Alcibiades of the moment, but on a venerable statesman who eschews the impassioned and jewelled rhetoric of his race, whose strength is his ripe and ready wisdom, his sober and logical reasoning, his consistency, moderation, and love of truth.

Before describing M. Déak's scheme for the reorganization of the Austrian Empire, it will be necessary to glance at the financial and military systems formerly prevailing in Hungary. The chief part of the ancient revenues of the Kingdom came from indirect

taxation. The King enjoyed the usual regalian rights, such as those of the mint, post-office, mines, and domains, receiving, too, supplies from the sale of salt, and other monopolies, the *tricesima* or customs' dues, and duties on trade. The Diet constantly suggested and even prescribed the limits within which the taxes thus arising should be confined, as well as their manipulation, and, in certain cases, the employment of the funds provided. We find, for instance, the Emperor Leopold II. recognising such a right in the Diet, for he asked their leave to dispose of certain Crown domains, sanctioned a law which named a Commission for the regulation of the *tricesima*, and agreed that the price of salt should not be raised without the Diet's consent, unless on occasions of extraordinary urgency. The statute-book is full of instances showing that a certain control was claimed and enjoyed in the case of the other sources of revenue above mentioned. The funds in question were raised for Hungarian objects, and from them the King had to meet the cost of the general administration of the Kingdom, so that a margin available for Imperial purposes could hardly have existed at all. The direct taxation of Hungary was an impost ruled by the Diet, at first called "*lucrum cameræ*," and afterwards "*contributio*." The fiscal unit so assessed was a "*gate*"—any doorway large enough to admit the passage of a load of hay being originally counted as such. This tax, both in its earlier and its modern form, fell only upon the "*miseri contribuentis plebs*;" the aristocracy and clergy, who enjoyed nominal immunity from taxation proper, being liable to personal service in the Insurrection, and expected to pay largely to the exchequer by free gifts or benevolences, and other sorts of special subsidy. In 1715 the direct tax received a specific destination. The Diet having sanctioned the levy of a standing army, in lieu of the general liability to military service which had previously held, increased the tax, and put it on the footing of a supply for war purposes. By degrees the "*contributio*" was augmented, the Diet further compounding for certain deliveries of supplies in kind by the grant of a supplementary tax. All this was done in regular Parliamentary fashion by the Diet and King; the tax was only granted from one Diet to another. A like practice prevailed in regard to the objects of the commercial code, to legislation on canals, roads, railways, and so forth. It may be added that the provincial authorities raised the sums wanted for local expenditure by the addition of a provincial percentage to the direct tax.

The Hungarian statute-book abounds with laws illustrative of the military system of the Kingdom. Law VIII. of the year 1715 recites that, the ancient methods of defence by Banderial troops and Insurrection being insufficient for modern wants, a standing army shall be set on foot, and the necessary taxes and subsidies voted by the Diet. In case, however, of a sudden invasion of the Kingdom, the sovereign might assemble the Palatine, Primate, the higher clergy and officials, the authorities of the counties and royal towns, who, on proof given of urgency, might order the adoption of extraordinary measures. The Emperor Leopold II. declared (Law XIX. of 1790) that he would never, under any pretence whatever, raise taxes, subsidies, or recruits without the Diet's consent, and agreed that the "*contributio*" should be voted from one Diet to another. Leopold's successors regularly came to the Diet to ask for recruits. The last instance of the sort may serve as a typical example. The Emperor Ferdinand's second law of 1840 (the year of the Syrian war) recites that, looking to the reduced strength of the Hungarian regiments and the troubled state of foreign politics, the Diet consents to the levy of 38,000 recruits, provided always that the men be kept in Hungarian regiments, and never drafted elsewhere. The same law specifies the methods of recruiting, the size, time of service, and liabilities of the recruits.

This very incomplete synopsis of facts may suffice to show that the Diet exercised an effective control in these provinces of legislation. But there were moments when the Kings of Hungary forgot the laws which they had signed, their coronation diplomas, their ancestors' oaths and their own. Sometimes, in defiance of law and in spite of resistance, the counties were compelled, by military force acting under the Imperial authority, to furnish supplies of money and men which had not been voted by the Diet. The exercise of such pressure was constantly followed by insurrection, which the kings as constantly attempted to quiet by apologies, and vows to offend no more. An instructive and apposite case belongs to the reign of the Emperor Francis. Forgetting the oath by which he had undertaken to convoke the Hungarian Diet at least once in three years, that sovereign neglected to issue the legal summonses between 1815 and 1823. In 1821, the gaoler of Silvio Pellico and Andryane expounded in choice Latin his love of the Magyar Constitution. "*All the world is a fool*," exclaimed the gracious King to a deputation of Pesth notables—"*Totus mundus stultizat et constitutiones imaginarias querit; vos habetis constitutionem, et ego amo illam et illesam ad posterum transmittam*." A year afterwards the learned rival of Sigismund *Super grammaticam* began to take measures for handing down his darling Hungarian Constitution unimpaired to posterity. Without reference to the Diet, he ordered the county officials to augment the legal quota of recruits and contributions. This measure was met by open resistance, and the whole subject was introduced as a gravamen before the Diet of 1825. The monarch then apologized in customary fashion, and his recantation was officially recorded in a law to which his own hand was set. He declares that the occurrences described have made his paternal heart bleed, and that he will

never fall into such courses again. By Law III. he promises that he will faithfully observe the pledges given (as above) by the Emperor Leopold II. In Law IV. of 1827, he quotes the statutes of 1793 and 1715, which, says this accomplished casuist, establish that the raising of recruits and taxes belongs to the Diet's competence. The crucial passage runs thus:—"The grant of all sorts of taxes and other contributions, whether in money or in kind, as well as the furnishing of recruits, is in the Diet's resort, and shall, under no pretence whatever, not even in extraordinary cases, be withdrawn from their competence; it is not allowable to raise the taxes voted by the Diet without their concurrence, or to levy new taxes, or to demand supplies of recruits." Between 1825 and 1848 there were no complaints of violations of the laws here in point.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE AND REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.*

MR. JESSE has accomplished the difficult task of writing three bulky volumes on the Life of George III. which are neither tiresome nor superfluous. Although his plan is not always consistent, he has shown skill and judgment in adjusting the proportion of historical matter to the biography and anecdote which form the most valuable portion of his book. The narrative of the American war is perhaps unnecessarily full, but in the later portion of the King's reign the annals of the English Court are not interrupted by superfluous details of military and political occurrences. The conquests of Napoleon have been fully recorded; and it is more to Mr. Jesse's purpose to quote the singular phrase by which George III. designated his formidable enemy than to discuss campaigns and battles. The King could not, as he told Bishop Hurd, believe that "that unhappy man" really intended to invade England. As Buonaparte was, at the time, at the summit of power and prosperity, the epithet must be understood in a moral or theological sense. It was one of the characteristic and popular peculiarities of George III. to use in perfect good faith the most flagrantly conventional language. Perhaps, in writing to a bishop, he may have unconsciously adopted even more readily than usual the language of a sermon. Mr. Jesse's readers will find ample materials for forming a vivid conception of a character which, notwithstanding extreme intellectual narrowness and grave moral defects, was original, typical, and amusing. Though George III. had little English blood in his veins, he was the model of a respectable, prejudiced, resolute, industrious, and rather stupid Englishman. He had gleams of a higher order of sagacity, but his acuteness was chiefly practical. His long experience never approached a poetic strain; but a familiarity of fifty years with public business constitutes a kind of education which is beyond the reach of private persons.

His worst faults were his obstinate personal antipathies, especially when they happened to be directed against his most illustrious or most brilliant subjects. Great public misfortunes might have been avoided if he could have forgiven the despotic haughtiness of Chatham or the factious violence of Fox. In both cases the King had received the strongest provocation, but it was his undoubted duty to prefer the interests of the country to his own private feelings. He would perhaps have made the sacrifice had he been capable of understanding that opposition to his Government was compatible with loyalty and patriotism. It must also be remembered that Chatham was chief Minister for two or three years during the reign of George III., and that Fox died in office. The King's dislike to inferior personages was for the most part readily tolerated, especially by the large section of his subjects which shared his feeling to George Grenville, to the Duke of Bedford, and to Lord Loughborough. The monarchy has, within the last century, approached so near to a republic that a modern English Sovereign accepts without hesitation, as Minister, the chosen leader of the strongest party in the State. George III. took his prerogative in earnest, especially as he struggled, not with the great body of the people, but with a cluster of powerful families. When Fox, on two successive occasions, deliberately excluded Burke from a Whig Cabinet, the King might be excused for believing in hereditary privilege. His deficiency in humour and in imagination made him slow in appreciating constitutional and social fictions. He believed in dignitaries, preferring Lord Eldon among Chancellors, and the dry and pompous Hurd among Bishops; he laughed loudly at farces and pantomimes; he repeated the responses loudly in church; he walked on Windsor terrace with the Queen by his side, and his children following two and two; and during his entire reign he never allowed his goutiest Minister to sit down in his presence.

Mr. Jesse's Memoirs form an excellent digest of the innumerable volumes of correspondence which furnish materials for the history and biography of the reign. Nearly every conspicuous politician of the time has made posthumous contributions to the general stock, and, among more recent writers, Mr. Croker, Lord Brougham, Lord Macaulay, Lord Russell, and Sir George Lewis have illustrated their commentaries and criticisms on various published compilations with traditional knowledge of their own.

Mr. Jesse also has been assiduous and fortunate in collecting oral anecdotes, and he has discovered a few unpublished letters; but the greater part of his story is unavoidably familiar to the habitual reader of political biography and gossip. The Chatham papers, the Grenville papers, the Malmesbury correspondence, the letters of Fox published by Lord Russell, the memoirs of Lord Auckland, of Mr. George Rose, of Lord Colchester, of Lord Cornwallis, form but a small part of the original sources of Ministerial and Parliamentary history. To the indolent student who wishes to combine light reading with the pursuit of a respectable kind of knowledge, no period is more attractive than the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is not necessary to visit the Record Office or to consult obscure authorities for the comprehension of intrigues and changes which are confidentially described by their own authors or by contemporary witnesses. For more than thirty years the inquirer is accompanied and guided by the best of English letter-writers; and although Horace Walpole is unapproached by any rival, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Auckland, Mr. Hugh Elliot, Lord Loughborough, and Lord Grenville rise far above mediocrity in acuteness of observation and in literary aptitude.

Mr. Jesse is, on the whole, an impartial writer, although he displays in a moderate degree the proper passion of a biographer for his whimsical old Royal hero. In some instances he carries his candour to excess, as when he records how Washington "happily succeeded" in one of his attacks on the English troops. When George III. is not immediately concerned, Mr. Jesse would seem to be a Whig and a Reformer. The King more than once asserted that he was himself an old Whig, but he never pretended to any love for political changes. In one of his letters he informs his congenial favourite, Bishop Hurd, that Mr. Addington, who had just succeeded to office, was a friend of the Church and of our happy Constitution, and as little disposed as the King himself to reforms or supposed improvements. It is not easy to ascertain whether Mr. Jesse approves of the celebrated speeches about the Coronation Oath, which caused the postponement of Catholic Emancipation for nearly thirty years; but he collects several curious illustrations of the King's tolerance for Protestant dissent, and of his exceptional deviation into heterodoxy by habitually abstaining from repeating the responses in the Athanasian Creed. It is well known that, in his final derangement, he inclined to the communion or to the discipline of the Lutheran Church, in a vague hope of obtaining a divorce. In the good old times Western Christianity was broadly divided into the two great persuasions of Protestant and Catholic. It had never occurred to George III. that the Establishment was other than Protestant, and he was deeply impressed with his own rights and duties as the supposed Head of the Church. The present work contains an amusing letter in which the King reproves Dr. Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, for giving *rouls* in Lambeth Palace. The ingenious adventurer who lately fabricated an order of the King's for the rebaptism of a child, "to remain in force till further orders," only caricatured the Royal sentiments and style. The poor King was probably out of his mind when he once astonished the congregation of the Chapel Royal by reciting in a loud voice, with a strong emphasis on the personal pronoun, "Forty years long have I been grieved with this generation, because they have not known my ways."

The duration of Lord Bute's influence after his retirement from office has been the subject of controversies which are not worth prolonging. Some historical critics have thought that George III. soon became tired of his early favourite, and it is certain that the opposite impressions of contemporary statesmen were grossly exaggerated. The Duke of Cumberland, in a letter which has been often quoted, expressed an opinion that, among all his Ministers, the King was most strongly attached to Lord North and to Addington. Writing in 1799 to Lord Bute's son, Dr. Stuart, Bishop of St. David's, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, George III. professes his regard for him, both on account of his own merits, and as the son of "the best and truest friend I ever had." The opinions which Lord Bute had instilled into his pupil were retained to the last, for George III. never reconciled himself to the system of government by party which he was forced to tolerate. The Constitution which is now firmly established in England and in all the great English colonies was but imperfectly recognised by the nation three quarters of a century ago. The same form of government has been imitated with imperfect success in a few Continental countries; but in France, in Austria, and in the United States it is utterly rejected. The King of Prussia is now engaged in the same kind of contest in which George III. spent a great part of his life, and the result is still uncertain. It was extremely unjust to accuse the King of aiming at despotism, and it was absurd to pretend that he had succeeded in making himself absolute because Pitt had a majority in the House of Commons. Fox habitually designated the King by Dante's phrase for omnipotence—"La dove si puote ciò che si vuole"; and when invasion seemed imminent, he professed to doubt whether the despotism of Buonaparte would be worse than the despotism of George III. Allowance must, however, be made for the violent language of a statesman who habitually spoke of Pitt as a villain, and who, more excusably, asserted that Addington was a fool. It is fair to Fox's memory to admit that he was ready to condescend with Pitt, that he conciliated on friendly terms with Addington, and that in his final term of office he exerted himself with tact and success to conciliate the King.

The complacency of the English nation, in the midst of peril

* *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of King George the Third.* By J. Renoué Jesse. 3 vols. London: Finsley Brothers. 1866.

and under the government of incapable rulers, would have astonished posterity if unreasoning confidence had not again and again been justified by the event. Insanity bore a considerable part in the history of the time, for Lord Chatham was undoubtedly deranged during 1766 and 1767, when his colleagues and the King himself vainly entreated the Minister to attend to business, or even to grant them interviews. Charles Townshend caused the American war, by his tax upon tea imported direct from China, while Lord Chatham was still the ostensible head of the Government. But for the unhappy disorder of the great statesman, although the colonies would long since have become independent, the inveterate hostility to England which forms a part of American education might perhaps never have been engendered. Five or six years later, a war with the new States, and with France and Spain and Holland, aggravated by the unfriendly armed neutrality of Prussia, Russia, and Sweden, seems scarcely to have disturbed the general equanimity. In the last years of the century, the Irish Rebellion, the Mutiny at the Nore, and the conquests of the French Republic, were regarded with the same imperturbable disbelief in the possibility of national ruin. It was known that the King was periodically insane, but no party or statesman ever proposed to restrain his interference with public affairs in lucid or partially lucid intervals of his disease. The less violent attacks were kept secret by his family and by his Ministers, who were sometimes obliged to consult the physicians in attendance before they solicited an audience. The King's antipathy to Chatham, and his coldness to Pitt, were not unlike the feelings which a patient entertains for a keeper.

When George III. was in full possession of his faculties, he was thoroughly conscientious, according to his lights, in the discharge of his public duties. No clerk in his service was more industrious or more punctual, and he repaid to a great extent the disadvantages which he had suffered by his mother's scandalous neglect of his education. His manners were dignified, and his movements and gestures on State occasions are said to have been worthy of the most accomplished actor. His conversation and his epistolary style were awkward and incorrect, but his letters could not have been more intelligible if they had been graceful and grammatical. If he had possessed more literary cultivation he would have resembled in almost all respects an old-fashioned College Don. Respectability, private morality, profound conviction of the importance of himself and his duties, and, except as to the Athanasian Creed, unimpeachable orthodoxy, would have ensured the esteem of a University, as the same qualities commanded the respect and attachment of a nation. When foreign and Irish affairs were not in question, there was some advantage in a drag on the Constitution while it was rapidly transforming itself into an unprecedented form. A king who resolutely struggled to assert the reality of a prerogative which was passing into a fiction was more estimable than a passive Merovingian puppet, or than a frivolous idler. If George III. had been a man of genius, he would either have changed the course of English constitutional history or he would have provoked a revolution. From the commencement of his final illness the personal power of the Crown has declined rapidly, although in the earlier part of the present reign sagacious efforts were made to give a meaning and an object to modern Royalty. The Prince Consort, although he failed to acquire popularity, had the great merit of teaching an entire generation to respect the Royal office. If his life had been prolonged his labours might have produced a more lasting effect. His task would have been comparatively easy if, like George III., he had presented to the commonplace Englishman a magnified image of himself.

DEDUCTIVE LOGIC.*

THE spirit of the age, against which the Bishops so diligently caution us, seems to be getting worse and worse. Like the model Achilles,

Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.

The holiest things that our ancestors have revered have no sanctity to this baleful spirit. It is an awful fate to have to live in a time when a Bishop, though only a Colonial Bishop, assails the arithmetic of the Pentateuch. And a right-minded person must deem it not less shocking that he has lived to see the day when an Oxford Don aspires to take the place of that logical giant, Dean Aldrich. The position of this immortal writer has, it is true, been rather a peculiar one for a good many years. Most manuals are employed because they convey compendiously a number of right views. But Aldrich has been used because he conveyed compendiously a number of wrong views. Undergraduates learnt their logic from him by inverting pretty nearly everything that he said, and by watching the agility and skill with which Mr. Mansel contrived to sling smooth stones from the Scottish brook at the great logical Goliath. The wretched Aldrich presents as doleful a spectacle in Mr. Mansel's edition as was presented by the curcuse of *Sieur Clubin* after the *pieuvre* had sucked his blood and picked his bones. Scoffers maintained that we had in this curious business a type of Oxford doings. The old must be preserved at all cost. But the old is all wrong, full of blundering and bungling. Never mind; you must keep the shell, though the kernel has all rotted away; you must preserve the old bottles,

though there is no objection to your putting into them the new wine. Oxford abounds with instances of this inimitable wisdom. Term after term, and year after year, the tutors industriously pursue the excellent task of filling the cracked and burst bottles with the new wine, of teaching the science of shipbuilding by means of a bare cranky old hull, with logical rats running swiftly to and fro, showing what an extremely rotten old hull it is. A great point in Aldrich's favour is the fact that his book is in Latin. University authorities have great faith in a dead language. A dead language keeps out modern innovations, and one thing is curiously connected with another in the orthodox Oxford mind. Aldrich and his Latin absurdities, by an inseparable association of ideas, are among the things which constitute a kind of bulwark for sinecure Headships and boozing common-rooms and general obscurantism. Mr. Fowler's attempt to write a book which may replace Aldrich—a book, too, that is written in English—may therefore be regarded as indicative of a distinct move in Oxford opinion. Everybody knows the sanctity of vested interests in this country, and the vested interests of established educational text-books are among the most sacred and the most perseveringly respected. We should know what to think of the propriety of using a chemical manual which inculcated the doctrine of phlogiston. Aldrich contains doctrines fully as exploded, in his own line, as phlogiston is exploded in chemistry. The notion seems to be that what was good enough for our fathers ought surely to be good enough for us. However, Mr. Fowler's little book appears under the auspices of the Clarendon Press, so that we may reasonably hope that some of the authorities are persuaded of the expediency of teaching logic rather more directly than by the astounding method of showing how little was known about logic by the writer of the authorized manual.

It is not merely that Aldrich's treatise is crude and erroneous. It was the last of the series in which Sanderson, Wallis, and Smith were conspicuous. The period when Aldrich wrote was, as Mr. Fowler says, transitional; it retained much of the scholastic phraseology, and, what is still more important, much also of the Realistic doctrine. Take, for example, the subject of the Heads of Predicables. In Aldrich's time "they were regarded as a classification of universals in their relations to one another, rather than with reference to their place in a proposition." Realistic metaphysics, though professedly abandoned, still retained a place in terminology. The incongruity of the old definition of *Proprium*, for instance, might strike even an undergraduate who had learnt anything about the modern positive doctrine. He is taught first that there is nothing general except names, and yet he is to accept definitions which rest in a manner upon the belief in Universal Substances. Universal Substances have disappeared from scientific thought, while allowed to underlie current definitions. Aldrich defines *Proprium* as—"quod predicatur ut essentie junctum necessario." *Accidens*, on the other hand, "quod ut essentie junctum contingenter." A man reading for honours would of course master the note which Mr. Mansel appends to these two definitions, and would learn first of all that *essentia* is all moonshine, and that the conception of necessary connection of attributes is one which it is the chief business of philosophy to root out. In the first place, "invariable succession is the highest notion of causality to which we can attain," and in the second, "necessity in any sense is untenable as a logical criterion of property, since it presupposes an acquaintance with the laws of any given physical phenomena, of which the logician as such knows nothing." But the passman is callous to these things. The decisive simplicity of Aldrich is eminently congenial to him, and he is not careful to fence off the definition with all sorts of qualifications and modifications. So he leaves the University with a shadowy belief that there are such things as essences, and that some qualities of objects are necessarily connected with their essences, other qualities only accidentally. Let us see what *Proprium* becomes in the new manual. "A Property," Mr. Fowler defines it, "is an attributive which does not express any part of the connotation of the subject, but which follows from some part of the connotation of the subject, either as an effect from a cause, or as a conclusion from premisses." An Accident, on the other hand, "is an attributive which may be predicated of the whole or part of the individuals denoted by a common term, or which may be predicated of an individual, but which is neither connoted by the common term nor to be inferred from anything which is connoted thereby." It may be objected to these definitions that they are long-winded, and that a student will much more readily and precisely remember the terse phrases of Aldrich. This is quite true, but then the terse phrases of Aldrich are nonsense. An undergraduate may readily learn them by heart, but they scarcely convey any definite idea to him, and such definiteness of idea as they do convey is altogether of a wrong and misleading kind. A dullish youth who once gets his head filled with the idea of *necessario essentie junctum* is precluded from any apprehension of the spirit of modern philosophy for the rest of his days. The new definitions are longer because they are more true and more comprehensive. "Connotation of the subject" is less easily grasped and less briefly written than "essentia," but then you have grasped an intelligible truth in the first, which is not found in the second. As Mr. Fowler says, the modern writer cannot present his propositions in "the same curt and dogmatic shape, for we have learnt to regard many portions of Logic, like many portions of the science whose methods it claims to analyse, as fairly open to differences of opinion." And it is possible to purchase brevity and terseness a great deal too expensively. A collection of propositions that may be learnt off by heart almost without an effort

* *The Elements of Deductive Logic.* By Thomas Fowler, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln Coll. Oxford. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

is by no means the most desirable form of training. The writer of the present manual has understood that in truth there can be nothing much worse in education than books of this stamp. They give the pupil's mind a certain set and twist, in the direction of passive reception, which often becomes both very enduring and very mischievous in other matters. While admitting his obligation to such predecessors as Whately, Hamilton, and the two Mills, the author "has endeavoured, on all disputed points, to reason out his own conclusions, feeling assured that no manual, however elementary, can be of real service to the student unless it express what may be called the 'reasoned opinions' of its author." For example, he makes *Attributives* a distinct kind of term, and then in a note defends himself:—

Mr. Mill maintains that attributives, when employed as predicates, are really common terms. Thus the propositions "All triangles are three-sided," "All wise men are just," are regarded by him as only abbreviated modes of saying "All triangles are three-sided figures," "All wise men are just men." We should allow that the attributive in the predicate, when taken in conjunction with the subject, always suggests a common term which may be substituted for it, as in the syllogism "All wise men are virtuous. All virtuous men are happy; ∴ All wise men are happy." But, though the attributive may always admit of being expressed as a common term, while it continues to be expressed as an attributive there seem to be present to the mind only attributes, whereas, when it becomes a common term, there seems also to be present a group of individuals possessing those attributes.

Surely this is a much more wholesome style of expressing opinion than the Aldrichian unreasoned dogmatism. And though Mr. Fowler gives reasons for what he lays down, he is very far from having fallen into the sin—unpardonable in a text-book—of diffuseness. Most of his book, of course, is strictly technical, and here he scarcely moves out of the ordinary track of the existing text-books, preserving, wherever it is possible, their brevity and concision. All the usual heads of logic are set forth as fully, and yet as tersely, as in Aldrich, with the advantage of being in English, there being no question, in the author's opinion, that "the language in which men habitually think must be the fittest medium for analysing their thoughts." It is not merely in such stock matters as Verbal and Real Propositions, Immediate Inferences, Trains of Reasoning, and so forth, that he is simple and concise. Take the interminable question of the Import of Propositions or Theory of Predication. First, he refers the pupil to chapter and verse in Hobbes, Mansel, Hamilton, and Mill, and then states his own view in a passage both brief and lucid:—

The view we should adopt may be briefly summarized as follows:—Wherever the predicate is a singular or collective term, or, though a common or abstract term, a synonym of the subject, the theory of Hobbes, that the predicate is the name of the same things of which the subject is a name, furnishes a sufficient account; in all other cases Hobbes's theory is true, though insufficient, for, where the predicate is an attributive or an abstract term (not being a synonym), the predicate also asserts or denies certain attributes of the subject, and where it is a common term (not being a synonym) not only are certain attributes asserted or denied of the subject, but the latter is referred to or excluded from the group of individuals denoted by the predicate. From this it will be seen that we do not agree with Mr. Mill in regarding all predication (except when the predicate is a singular or collective term) as a predication merely of attributes.

The practical usefulness of the book as a manual for purposes of tuition is wisely consulted by the author in putting passages of this kind in distinct paragraphs, which the pupil may skip without breaking the thread or main line of the treatise. And Mr. Fowler has, moreover, considerably pointed out those parts which the dunce or the sluggard may shirk without running any risk of being overtaken by disaster in the Schools. The amount which, according to the author, would suffice for a passman in Moderations is so uncommonly scanty, that one cannot help wondering to what extent the authorities expect a man's intelligence to be improved by it; and certainly the addition to his actual knowledge of things is as small in degree and as inferior in kind as can well be imagined. To a plain man there is great difficulty in understanding on what theory Logic is intruded at all into Moderations. It ought either to be accompanied by much more or else to disappear. This perhaps is a mere trifle compared with other difficulties which perplex the plain man who contemplates the Oxford curriculum. However, whenever Logic is taught, it is desirable that it should be well and clearly taught; and, therefore, both tutors and undergraduates may be grateful for a concise and simple manual like the one before us. Mr. Fowler even hopes that a short English Manual of Logic may be used with advantage in the upper forms of schools. Of course, if boys are to have logic, it is all the better that they should have a compendious book of this sort. But is the author quite sure that logic is a useful or wholesome study for boys at school? Surely boys have quite enough parrot-learning as it is, and the addition to the existing stock of *Barbara Celarent*, and the rest of it, would make things much worse.

FROUDE'S REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—VOL. IV.*

(Second Notice.)

THE present volume consists of two parts. We have, first, the general history of three years and a half, from February, 1570, to August, 1573; and, secondly, in the last chapter, the special Irish history, from 1567 to the end of 1573. That is to say, it contains the Irish history contemporary with both this and the immediately preceding volume. The history of England in refer-

ence to foreign Powers during this period may be summed up in the words with which Mr. Froude opens his nineteenth chapter; "The impunity with which Elizabeth's Government was able to insult and provoke the Catholic Powers of Europe is the most anomalous phenomenon in modern Europe." We made some remarks on this subject in reviewing Mr. Froude's former volume; but it is one to which attention can hardly be too often called. It is the distinguishing characteristic of the period, and it completely upsets all the popular notions of the relations between Elizabeth and Philip. In the course of the present volume we find hostile acts done on both sides, though far oftener by Englishmen against Spain than by Spaniards against Englishmen. The two Powers are encouraging one another's rebels; we find things, as might be expected, on the point of an open rupture, and yet things never come to avowed war; the differences are always patched up somehow or other, and, at the end of the volume, Spain and England, so to speak, part friends. And this, though Philip, Catholic King as he was, had incurred suspicions at the Court of Rome by hindering the lull of excommunication against Elizabeth from being published in his dominions, and though, in a time of nominal peace, the crews of Spanish ships had been drowned, and Spanish gentlemen had been actually sold, like oxen or negroes, in the markets of Dover and other English ports. In this respect Mr. Froude has come opportunely after Mr. Motley. It is as well to see another side of Philip's character. The points brought out by Mr. Froude do not exactly raise Philip in our estimation; they leave his worst doings exactly where they were before; but they set him before us in a new light; he is no longer the bugbear which he appears in popular belief. We must confess that, as regards the interchange of wrongs between him and Elizabeth, Philip was much more sinned against than sinning. If he contemplated an invasion of England, he can hardly be blamed for it, and, after all, the invasion did not, at this stage of the history, take place. If he ever listened to schemes for the assassination of Elizabeth, we should remember that Elizabeth's counsellors also listened to schemes for the assassination of inconvenient personages in England and Ireland. Now Dr. Lingard had done a good deal to set these matters in their true light; but Mr. Froude is probably read by many who would never think of opening Dr. Lingard. Dr. Lingard is, on such a point, a suspicious witness. He is not one whit more unfair one way than most writers and readers are the other way; still he is a committed advocate of one side; he holds a brief against Elizabeth and for the Catholic King. As all Mr. Froude's prejudices might be expected to lie the other way, his testimony is the more valuable. And his documentary researches have enabled him to work out many parts of this strange story more in detail than they have ever been worked out before. Among the most curious is the intrigue by which Sir John Hawkins, of all men, contrived to pass himself off on Philip as a repentant sinner, ready to turn about and do good service for Spain and the Catholic Church. As we think it right to be unsparing in the exposure of Mr. Froude's faults, we are always ready to acknowledge any redeeming merits. In this part of his work, though we could wish that he had clearer notions of the true way of dealing with historical documents, we can gladly welcome a real addition to our historical knowledge.

The deposed Queen of Scots remains throughout this volume, as throughout the former one, the great centre of diplomacy and intrigue of all kinds. Elizabeth still sways to and fro, sometimes causing desolating invasions of Scotland, sometimes all but determined to restore Mary, sometimes appealed to by the voice of her own people to consent to Mary's execution, and at last prevailed upon to take an active share in reducing the last stronghold of Mary's adherents. We have already spoken of the description of the siege and capture of Edinburgh Castle as one of the gems of Mr. Froude's work. Mr. Froude has evidently been at Edinburgh, and made good use of his eyes when he was there. Such everyday places as Gloucester, Worcester, and Northampton he has either not visited, or else he thought that they might be visited with his eyes shut. And whether we agree with Mr. Froude or not in his estimate of John Knox, there is no sort of doubt as to the merit, as a piece of painting, of his description of Knox's death and summary of his character. Mr. Froude is here evidently in earnest, just as Mr. Disraeli is in earnest when he talks about the Jews. There are other subjects on which we are sometimes tempted to think that both the historian and the statesman are amusing themselves by consciously playing off certain ingenious paradoxes. But the effect of such earnestness is different in the two cases. We recognise Mr. Disraeli's earnestness by his talking nonsense about one subject such as he would not talk about any other. But Mr. Froude's earnestness distinctly raises him in these descriptions far above his usual level, either literary or moral.

In this volume too we get the strange scheme for marrying Elizabeth, first to the Duke of Anjou, afterwards King successively of Poland and France, and subsequently to his younger brother, Duke of Alençon in this volume, and afterwards Duke of Anjou. At this time of day we can hardly realize the fact that either of these grotesque marriages was ever seriously thought of. And Mr. Froude will not reach the most grotesque point of all for some volumes to come. Ten years afterwards, at the age of forty-eight, Elizabeth was much nearer to marrying the younger Anjou than she ever appeared at this stage of the tale. In all the chief matters which Mr. Froude has at present to deal with, he is, in a manner, unavoidably beating about the bush. We are looking out for a Spanish armada and an

* *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth. Vol. IV. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

execution of Mary Stuart, both of which seem to be on the point of coming, though we know from chronology that neither of them did come till many years later. So with the Anjou marriage; it never actually came; but a time did come when Elizabeth performed, in Mr. Froude's phrase, her "matrimonial coquet dance" a great deal nearer "the precipice" than she did at any point of the period contained in the present volume.

Thus far, with regard to the main subjects of Mr. Froude's history, we have had to speak of the present volume almost wholly in terms of commendation. Of its many faults in detail we have spoken in our last article. But, besides faults of inaccuracy and faults of bad taste, the present volumes contain more than one passage which calls for censure of a graver kind. We have frankly welcomed an improvement in Mr. Froude in many ways; but it is clear that the old Adam—or we suppose we should rather call it the old Harry—is by no means lulled to sleep within him. For the sake of his own reputation, as well as that of his hero, he would do well, as that hero was fairly dead and buried some volumes back, to let him stay dead and buried. In one or two points Henry was distinctly superior to either of his daughters, and on those points Mr. Froude may fairly blow his trumpet. Henry's persecutions were less odious than those of Mary; his foreign policy was incomparably more honourable than that of Elizabeth. On the other hand, Elizabeth had, at least at this stage of her reign, an honourable shrinking from those political executions which her father seems to have indulged in as an amusement more exciting than the cockpit or the bull-ring. Mr. Froude still looks back with his old glee to the days of slaughter:—

A scheme of the same kind had been formed in the past generation by the Marquis of Exeter, the Nevilles, Lady Salisbury, and her traitor sons. Elizabeth's father, supported by the hearty confidence of the people, had called the whole nation under arms, and had struck the heads of the chief conspirators from their shoulders before their projects were matured.

The striking of heads from shoulders was with Elizabeth, at least in her present mood, a matter of painful necessity; to Mr. Froude, as to Henry the Eighth, it supplies matter for undisguised satisfaction. But if Elizabeth had not yet taken to beheading and embowelling, she had at least gone so far in the right path as to make free use of the rack. Here Mr. Froude is quite in his element.

The method of enquiry, however inconsonant with modern conceptions of justice, was adapted excellently for the outrooting of the truth. In quiet times the prisoner is more considered than the State. The commonwealth is in no danger though isolated crimes be undiscovered or unpunished, and the possible suffering of one innocent person is held to be a greater evil than the occasional escape of the guilty. But the change is less due to moral improvement than to the conditions of our present life; and if we shudder at the cruelty which wrenched confessions out of strained limbs and quivering muscles, it is no less true that Elizabeth's Government would have come to a swift end if her ministers had been embarrassed with modern scruples.

To all this the answer is very simple. Every time that Elizabeth or her counsellors sent a prisoner to the rack, they committed a breach of the law of England. To Mr. Froude the matter perhaps hardly appears in the same light in which it does to those who have studied our laws and history from the beginning. To the eternal honour of our insular jurisprudence, there never was a moment, since the first Englishman set foot on the shores of Britain, when torture has been allowed by English law. Our law has, in different ages, prescribed painful deaths and cruel mutilations for the convicted criminal. It has prescribed ordeals, which might prove to be painful, as means of learning the judgment of God. But torture, applied as torture to the unconvicted and therefore possibly innocent prisoner, it has never known. Every use of torture in England was an arbitrary and illegal act of administrative tyranny; no man was ever yet put to the rack by order of any regular court of law. Possibly, to Mr. Froude's vision, shut up within two or three centuries, the use of torture seems all proper and regular. To those who take a wider view of history it appears simply as a wicked innovation, a piece of unlawful cruelty heard of only during about two hundred years, from the middle of the fifteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth. As for Mr. Froude's estimate of the benefits of torture, the sages of the Civil Law, even in allowing it, thought very differently of its merits. Here is the language of the Digests (lib. xlviii. tit. 18) on the method of inquiry which Mr. Froude, with such happy ambiguity, speaks of as so "excellently adapted for the outrooting of the truth."

Questioni fidem non semper, nec tamen nunquam, habendam, constitutionibus declaratur: etenim res est fragilis et periculosa, et quæ veritatem fallat. Nam plerique patientiæ sive duritiæ tormentorum ita tormenta contemnunt ut exprimi eis veritas nullo modo possit; alii tantâ sunt impatientiâ ut in quovis mentiri quam pati tormenta velint; ita fit ut etiam vario modo fateantur, ut non tantum se, verum etiam alios, comminentur.

After this, it is perhaps a light matter when Mr. Froude speaks of "the practice of annual or frequent Parliaments, commenced by King Henry." As it is so plain that it was with King Henry that Mr. Froude began his historical studies, it may be harsh to blame him for never having heard of the great statute passed and acted on in far earlier times which ordered that Parliaments should be held every year or oftener, if need be.

Mr. Froude's occasional theological outpourings we pass by. He delights in contrasting Christianity with Christian theology, and in telling us of all the good wrought by the one and of all the evil wrought by the other. Now, in a certain superficial sense, this is true; but only in a very superficial sense. It is not the belief that theological propositions are either true or necessary to salva-

tion which has done the mischief, but the belief that theological error can in any case be a proper subject of temporal penalties or disabilities. And this belief is in no way confined to Christian theology; Jews, Pagans, and Mahometans must come in for their share of the blame. Now Mr. Froude is the last man who ought to censure persecution as such. He avowed in times past, and he has not retracted his opinion, that there was a certain kind or degree of error which would justify punishment by burning. Somebody ought to be burned, only Mr. Froude had not yet found out the right people. Now Henry, Cranmer, Bonner, Mary, Philip, Elizabeth, also thought that somebody ought to be burned, and they moreover believed that they had found out the right people to burn. But between them and Mr. Froude there is no difference of principle; the only difference is as to the particular forms of opinion which deserve burning. Mr. Froude is very severe on some of these persecutions, but we think unfairly. Their error was at most the theological error of thinking that this or that opinion, and not some other opinion as yet undetermined, was the one for which people ought to be burned. But for a mere theological error Mr. Froude should not be so hard upon them. A real votary of toleration has a perfect right to declaim against the "evil army of priests," and the evil army of presbyters too. But Mr. Froude has no right to use such language. The worst fault of priest or presbyter was to have made up his mind on a point on which Mr. Froude is still in doubt. Persecution is to him what war is to all people except Quakers. The utmost censure that he has a right to pronounce on any particular persecution is the sort of censure which we pronounce on a war which is not clearly and undeniably necessary. A Quaker has a right to pronounce a much stronger censure on any war. So have most of us a right to pronounce a much stronger censure on any persecution. But Mr. Froude has not.

We have now done with fault-finding. We have now only to thank Mr. Froude for the vivid account which he has given in his last chapter of English misdoings in Ireland. That Ireland has been, and is, disaffected to England we cannot wonder, when we read of the fiendish wickedness by which men sought to keep Ireland in subjection to the English Crown, and to bring her into subjection to the English Church. Those days are past, but we are still paying the penalty of them; in all these cases of national wrong, the removal of wrong does not, perhaps for generations, carry with it the removal of the memory and sentiment of wrong. It is clear that the Englishman of Elizabeth's time looked on Irishmen simply as wild beasts, as some Englishmen still look on negroes or even on Hindoos. Men rode out for some "killing"—that is, for the indiscriminate murder of the natives of all ages and sexes, looked on seemingly as a lawful occupation or rather amusement. As Mr. Froude says, they went beyond the cruelties of Alva; except in the sack of towns, where there is no great choice between one nation and another, Alva did not massacre women and children. But in the eyes of English soldiers and settlers an Irishwoman and her children were much on a level with a she-wolf and her cubs. It would have been a much milder fate for Ireland to have been conquered by Turks, who would have let the unhappy Papist pay tribute and worship after his own fashion. Indeed the Irish were worse off than the negroes, except on the doctrine that life in bondage is worse than death. It was a case in which the existence of slavery would have made matters a degree less horrible.

Mr. Froude gives a note to the subject of a pamphlet by Dr. Brady which we reviewed some time back—namely, the prevalent notion that the establishment of the Reformation in Ireland was, as a matter of canonical order, more regular than in England, the great body of the Irish bishops being said to have accepted the changes made at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, while in England, as we need hardly say, among the Diocesan Bishops, the pliable Kitchen of Llandaff alone conformed. Mr. Froude altogether confirms the arguments of Dr. Brady. The English religion was introduced only where the English military force was strong enough to introduce it; in the greater part of Ireland the old religion, and, with it, the old Bishops, went on uninterruptedly. But, supposing that the great body of the Bishops had conformed, the fact would be the most childish technicality on which to build anything. On any showing, the Irish nation clung to its old faith. Protestantism existed only as the religion of the invaders, maintained where they had physical power to maintain it, and nowhere else. That a badge of conquest like the Irish Church is still hateful to the people no one can wonder. There is no part of Mr. Froude's history fuller of lessons for the statesman than the chapter with which the present volume ends.

LOVE AND DUTY.*

READERS who dislike a dose of tragedy administered under the guise of amusement may be inclined to distrust a novel which bears the ominous title of *Love and Duty*. In this instance, however, they may at once dismiss their fears. The tenderest heart may dwell without shrinking upon the pangs of a lover prevented for a few months from making an offer by the belief that the young lady is engaged to somebody else, when the error is happily removed in the course of a single season. The author does not even harrow our feelings by making the heroine aware of the hero's state of mind, for though he picks her up when she has been

* *Love and Duty*. By the Author of "Basil St. John." Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. 1866.

thrown from her horse, and "the words 'My darling! my darling!' burst involuntarily from his lips"—which is the most approved expedient for clearing up any uncertainty on such points—Miss Fortescue is really unconscious all the time, and does not realize her privileges until he makes her a formal offer the following summer. It will be seen, therefore, that the contrast between love and duty, as here pointed, involves no "blind cry of passion and of pain"; it is simply the record of a somewhat matter-of-fact engagement, the course of which is only interrupted by the interposition of the very smallest pebbles. The writer's evident admiration for the hero may be welcomed, however, as evidence of a reaction, on the part of authors if not of readers, in favour of the simpler intellectual diet of the pre-sensational period. The admirers of Miss Braddon will regard Sir George Hervey as little better than an old fogey; and we must confess to having ourselves found him a heavy, though improving, companion. So far, alas! has our taste been vitiated by contact with those more volcanic personages to whom recent novelists have accustomed us. Sir George is a reproduction in all essentials of that Parliamentary type of hero which was popular some years back, except that the circumstances of his position are sufficiently modified to suit that more limited and sober class of young ladies to whom, in the present day, such a conception can alone appeal. In times when military or political excitement was all that the novelist had to trust to, and the vein of criminal interest that has since been so assiduously worked was still unexplored, it was necessary to throw an air of romance over subjects in themselves commonplace. If you put your hero into Parliament at all, you had to make him Prime Minister, or at least leader of Opposition, by the middle of the second volume. But since the Ministries of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell promotion at this pace has become about as likely as the adventures of Monte Christo himself; while the enthusiasm that can swallow improbabilities wholesale finds more congenial employment in tracking the windings of a complicated murder case, or in speculating how an embarrassed heroine will get quit of her superfluous husbands. The author of *Love and Duty* has wisely contented herself with making her hero a social reformer. When we are first introduced to him he is forty-two years of age, but "the lines on his brow are the time-marks of thought, and not of passion." He has sat in Parliament, and "twice turned the scale for Government on important measures—because he never spoke except on subjects on which he was thoroughly well-informed." But, though "an enlightened Liberal," he was no Radical, and when the Government he supported allied itself with extreme opinions, "George Hervey remained true to his principles, and at the general election lost his seat." Since then he has courted another kind of fame. He has become "the leading man in the county." His time is given to reformatories, training schools, and agricultural societies. Nor are we left to imagine for a moment that there is any tale of disappointed affection lurking behind this business-like exterior. He has "never been in love in his whole life." "Is not," interposes the author, "falling in love often the consequence of idleness and want of employment?"

Unhappily for the effect of this inquiry, the necessities of fiction compel the questioner to show that even constant occupation is no real safeguard. Miss Fortescue comes to stay with Mrs. Drummond, Sir George Hervey's sister and housekeeper, and the business is done. It must be admitted, however, that the hero remains as true to himself as the circumstances of the case will allow. On the very day of Miss Fortescue's arrival, he quotes Sir R. Murchison in his speech of welcome, talks geology all dinner-time, and reads aloud a geological review in the evening. A day or two later, he discusses Turner and Ruskin during one half of a ride, and explains "his favourite theory of an educational franchise" during the other half. When he walks with her, the conversation turns on the various schools of Greek philosophy at starting, and on the condition and difficulties of the labouring classes as they return home. But, unluckily, Miss Fortescue is engaged to somebody else, and therefore all these abstruse conversations lead at first to nothing but mischief. Sir George Hervey finds out by and by that constant work may leave a man as unprotected in the matter of falling in love as the most utter want of employment, and even a return to the House of Commons does but little to cure him of his passion. Of course he is determined to "remain an independent member," and the whips of the Government ply their arts in vain to secure his unreserved allegiance. All his thoughts are given to the success of a Bill for the "improvement in some points of the condition of the labouring classes." Great is the excitement in the country which this measure produces:—

It brought out the interest for or against it of all the squirearchy of the country. The pros and cons were discussed at all the quarter-session meetings, and many pamphlets were written on the subject. Leaders in the *Times* had even lent their powerful voice, and, fortunately for Sir George Hervey, their bias was in his favour.

How Sir George was prevented for a time from making any use of his knowledge that Miss Fortescue's engagement had been broken off may be read in the novel itself; here we shall only describe how things come ultimately right. It will be seen that the Parliamentary atmosphere with which the author delights to surround him clings even to his declaration. Miss Fortescue is taken to hear the closing debate on his pet measure, in which, of course, he makes the speech of the night:—

The House gave him that mute, rapt attention which is its greatest mark of respect. The members sat quietly in their places. There was neither the

hurrying to and fro nor the hum of conversation that disheartens so many a speaker. They listened—they listened to the man who was certain of what he was speaking, and who, they knew, had given some of the best years of his life to consider the subject before them. As he got further into the matter, his clearly stated opinions carried all before them. He took his opponent's fagot of arguments to pieces, breaking them one by one by the sheer strength of his knowledge of facts. He spoke for an hour and ten minutes.

The House of Commons behaves better in fiction than in real life. Instead of meeting the usual fate of social reforms when introduced by private members, and being included in the common massacre at the end of the Session, the Bill goes to a division, and the numbers prove convincingly how intense is the interest which a benevolent project excites in the minds of our legislators:—

The division bell rang, the words "the Ayes to the right and the Noes to the left" had been pronounced, whips and tellers had rushed backwards and forwards, after the manner customary on such occasions, the members came pouring in again, and when silence had been duly obtained, the tellers came forward, and the words "the Ayes to the right were 399, and the Noes to the left 157," were received with deafening cheers; and George Hervey had won one victory for his fellow-creatures.

Luckily the debate has begun early, so there is time after it is ended for the unconscious lovers to meet on the terrace overlooking the Thames, and there all is set straight. What influence this catastrophe had on Sir George Hervey's further political triumphs we are not told, but we fear that a Parliamentary career which is begun to get rid of a hopeless passion is not likely to prosper during a blissful engagement.

The principal feeling created by Miss Fortescue in the reader's mind is one of mild surprise that she should ever have engaged herself to Claude Trevelyan, and that, having done so, she should have waited for him to put an end to it. The engagement is made at the instance of Claude's father, before Miss Fortescue is seventeen. That he should be eager for it is natural enough, since nothing but marrying his son to an heiress can enable him to stave off ruin; but it is less probable that Miss Fortescue's mother should urge a beautiful daughter to pledge herself to a distant cousin before she has even come out, simply because it "would be infinite comfort to think she had the protection of this sort of engagement." Claude cares for her as little as she cares for him, and, as he is wholly ignorant of the state of his father's affairs, he takes but little pains to conceal the fact. Consequently, when Frances meets him again, after having half fallen in love with Sir George Hervey, the intercourse between them is not of the most agreeable kind. A *deus ex machina*, however, appears on the scene in the person of Miss Helen Willoughby. This young lady promises, on her first introduction, to be the most amusing person in the novel; and we think that on the whole she redeems her pledge, though only on the principle of the one-eyed king in the blind kingdom. She is described as being very pretty, very fashionable, and very fast; but of this latter quality the only proofs she gives are her wearing a very short riding-habit, and arraying herself, on the eventful day when she succeeds in making Claude Trevelyan propose to her, "in the prettiest of hats, the most becoming of walking-dresses, and the shortest of linsey skirts." The interview to which this get-up is a prelude is decidedly well described:—

"Frances is a happy girl to be able to spend her life in this lovely place. I am sure she must be enchanted with it!" said Helen with a sigh, which was not altogether artificial.

"Hum. Well, if she is delighted she takes a very odd way of showing it," said Claude gloomily. "I can't say that it is what I should have thought. I never can get her to talk about the place, or anything belonging to the horses or the kennels, or any of our last improvements; she begins about cottages, or poor people, or schools, as if she was a parson."

"Oh, Mr. Trevelyan, you don't mean to say she doesn't delight in going to the stables with you? If it was me," and she stopped—"but then I am so dreadfully fond of all country things," said Helen, as if she could have said more had she dared.

"Ah, you and Frances, you and Frances—that's two different things," said Claude, still more moodily.

"Yes, I know," said Helen, as she sank on a mossy seat under a tree, and turned her face to her companion, and the loveliest of violet eyes, shaded with long black lashes, met his. "I know she is so superior to poor little me; but you need not have told me so very plainly, Claude—Mr. Trevelyan, I mean. I know I am very foolish and giddy, but no one ever taught me better. Ah me!" and the young lady, by some means or other, contrived that a tear should form slowly in the beautiful eyes, and hang for a moment on the lids.

Of course, Claude is wholly unable to resist such tactics as these. Miss Willoughby's half-revealed affection completes the conquest which had been begun by her wholly displayed ankles, and she at once succeeds to Miss Fortescue's place.

Altogether, *Love and Duty* is an extremely disappointing book. It has a good deal of merit in it, and every now and then, as in the scene we have just quoted, the author seems to have made up her mind to be really amusing. Unfortunately, however, it usually turns out that she has thought better of it on reflection. The mistake of the book lies in the little use which she makes of her power of reproducing conversations. That she has this power is rendered at least probable from the traces of it which are scattered over the volume, but she keeps it far too much in reserve. A writer of fiction has three ways open to him of securing the interest of his readers. He may devote himself to the construction of a plot, to the delineation of character by description, or to the evolution of it by conversation. For the novelist who has to deal with domestic life, the latter is by far the most natural and appropriate method to be pursued, and if he is lacking in that indescribable art which enables a writer to make his characters talk like ordinary people without being as dull as

ordinary people, he had better find some other occupation for his pen. The author of *Love and Duty* need not, we think, be reduced to this ignominious necessity, if she will only take more pains to train her powers in the direction in which they promise best.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PINDAR.*

OF all the Greek poets, perhaps Pindar is the one of whom the careful study would be most useful to English writers and readers at the present moment. His strongest points lie on that side where our generation is weakest. He is the furthest removed of all from being a mere fiddler, who twangs musically, but without much sense or meaning or wide outlook. And this is an invaluable quality to contemplate at a time when melody and softness of tone pass for so very much more than they are worth, and threaten to thrust profound thought altogether out of poetry. There is so strong a tendency at work towards the confusion of mere graceful sound with high thought and passion set to graceful sound, that there is special need for the study of a poet whom you have to work at very hard before you can discover his rhythm at all, but in whose pieces the loftiest thought shines with an unrivalled kind of translucency. He that runs may not read Pindar. Young ladies, who exercise too exclusive a sway over the minds of many of our living versifiers, if they could read Greek, would find the Pindaric condensation, depth, and vivacity, qualities not to be endured. Cowley knew what he was talking about when he called the Pindaric Pegasus

An unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse. . .
'Twill no unskillful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too that sits not sure.

Mr. Tremenheere, whose translation has recently appeared, thinks that "in no writer of antiquity is there so much that is in harmony with English thought." This does not seem to mean anything very precise. The broad human element in Pindar is naturally in harmony with English thought, but only as it is in harmony with the thought of other countries too. Towards the end of his preface the translator is rather more specific. Pindar must be peculiarly interesting to English people, because English people are peculiarly fond of boating, hunting, football, shooting, and so forth, and Pindar sings about the glory of athletic victories. We do not fancy that Pindar, if he had been alive now, would have been very likely to compose odes in praise of the hunting and shooting classes. Quite the reverse. The luxury and idleness and scandalous neglect of social duty which are softly wrapped up in cant about athletics and muscularity are just the things which Pindar held in most austere contempt. Although, however, we do not think that Mr. Tremenheere is very happy in the reasons which he brings forward why Pindar should be made more familiar to English readers, we quite agree with him that there are such reasons to be found. The study of this admirable poet would put fresh vigour and directness into the popular taste. He is absolutely without the qualities of either the fashionable cynic or the fashionable sentimentalist. He does really reflect on life, instead of manufacturing idyls, or mere ornamental arrangements of music and flowers and the like. Of all poets he is the most clear, direct, and wholesome, full of the very finest moral tone. Nobody since his time has more profoundly appreciated what has been called "le côté sérieux des arts—ce qui touche à l'énergie de l'âme, à la passion du devoir et du sacrifice, à la liberté morale." In modern English poetry there are two tendencies, each as remote as the other from the Pindaric spirit. In one, duty and sacrifice are treated as if from the point of view of a Sunday-school teacher or distributor of rhythmic tracts. In the other, duty and sacrifice are mere empty names, to be mocked and scoffed at.

It is very doubtful, however, how far Mr. Tremenheere's translation will stimulate a relish for the Pindaric Muse. The metre he has chosen is unsuitable, to begin with. Blank verse is worse than prose for the reproduction of such compositions as the Odes of Pindar. The writer says that he has chosen this metre as most suitable for the representation in English form of elevated thoughts, noble images, a sententious wisdom, clothed in magnificent language, and in a style "both simple and sublime." Why blank verse should be more suitable for such poetry as this than the eight-syllable line, or than an irregular lyric measure, we cannot see. The translator seems to have been in part misled by a truly preposterous doctrine of the late Dr. Donaldson's, that "lyric poetry is in its nature essentially epic," and to have concluded therefore that the great epic measure was also the proper measure for the grandest kind of lyrics. People who have allowed their knowledge of Pindar to grow rusty, or who never had any knowledge of him, may understand the effect of selecting this metre in his case, if they will turn to one or two of the sublimest pieces in the Old Testament, and try to imagine them put into English blank verse. Take the song of Moses after the passage of the Red Sea; anybody can see how that noble ode would lose its fire and vigour in blank verse. Or we may turn to the Psalms, of which we are constantly reminded in reading Pindar—try, for instance, to put the hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm into Mr. Tremenheere's metre. A precisely similar effect follows from a similar operation upon the Greek. For instance, here are some lines from the Second Olympic Ode, from the volume before us:—

But those who in the trials manifold
Ordained for man before his final rest,

Have kept their souls from all injustice free,
They have found out the path, first trod by Jove
Himself, sure guide to the high steadfast towers
Of Saturn and the Elysian realms of peace.

Surely this brings Pindar down to the level of Tate and Brady. Or let us take the opening of the First Olympic Ode:—

Great as the gift of water to the world,
More valued than a treasure of pure gold
Which, like a fire illumining the night,
Outshines all other brightness; in renown
As far beyond compare as is the sun
That in the burning mid-day shines alone,
In the wide starless tracts of desert air—
No less a fame is thine, unmatched Olympia,
Queen of the peaceful strife as of the song.

The introduction of "starless" in the last line but two, we may note in passing, fritters away the force of the *ιρημας*, which refers, not to the notion of the sky being starless in the middle of the day, but to the stupendous immeasurable solitude of the heavens at all times. Apart from this, however, how does such long-winded verse convey the admirable brevity and force of the familiar original?—

ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, ὃ δὲ χρυσοῦς αἰθέριον πῦρ
ἵτε διαπρίπτει νύκτι μέγαν ὄρος Ἰσοχὰ πλούτου.

Take, again, the passage in which the famous comparison of man to the "dream of a shadow" occurs. Who would recognise the original lines in these?—

Thus in short space of time the joys of men
Expand, and thus in turn fall to the ground
Like shaken fruit, when Fate has changed her mind.
We are but of a day. What then is man?
What is he not? He is a shadow's dream.
But when some splendid gift from Heaven's own hand
Comes down, it overspreads with brilliancy
His path, and fills his life with pleasantness.

Where do we find the swift and vivid force of the original? The last two lines, for example, represent—

λαμπρόν φέγγος ἔκαστιν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μέλιτος αἶων.

"What then is man? What is he not?" seems to us a poor turning of the Greek *τί δὲ τις; τί δ' οὐ τις;* (or better, *τί δ' ὅτις;*) which is meant to ask, not what man is not, but what is the difference between existing and not existing, between a being and a shadow. There is more than one verse in the book of Job which conveys the same feeling; "man dieth and wasteth away," for example, "yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" This is by no means a solitary instance, in the translation, of the slurring over of little subtleties and delicacies of expression. Pindar says of Ergoteles, that but for civil war,

ἦτοι καὶ τὰ πέν
ἰνδομάχος ἄτ' ἀλέκτωρ, συγγόνῃ παρ' ἰστίᾳ
ἀελλῆς τιμὰ κατεφύλλορθεσι ποδῶν.

This is rendered—

When Civil Strife that sets the hand of man
Against his neighbour, drove thee from thy home,
Ergoteles, it gave thee in return
A wider fame. Long wert thou like a gamecock
Mew'd up and only lord of its own walk.

We look in vain for anything like the exquisite image implied in *κατεφύλλορθεσι*, the shedding of withered leaves where there has been no rich fruit. Nothing can be tamer or more prosaic than Mr. Tremenheere's rendering. To make the parenthesis, *ἰνδομάχος ἄτ' ἀλέκτωρ*, into a separate and independent proposition, is in itself a sign of weakness, showing that, instead of "the pride and ample pinion" of the Theban eagle, the translator can only hop along the ground.

The English tongue does not, of course, admit of that power of condensation which is one of the special beauties of Greek epithet, but it is not so incurably weak in this respect as to excuse all Mr. Tremenheere's diffuseness. For instance, the invocation, *παῖ Ζηνός 'Ελευθερίον*, swells into—

Child of the unsean Powers of good and ill,
Which give to all things human their free course.

This is a very wretched way of representing to an Englishman the notion that Pindar and his contemporaries had of *Ζεὺς 'Ελευθερίος*. It hides away the vivid concrete fashion in which the deities appear to men's minds in ages when Polytheism is vigorous and flourishing. In Pindar's time *Ζεὺς* was by no means a mere name for a collection of miscellaneous attributes which could not be accounted for or described more scientifically. Apart, however, from the misrepresentation of the religious conception in this instance, these long-winded renderings destroy the very pith of the Pindaric style. Pindar presents us in his epitheta with an unrivalled precision. We seem to be looking at exquisite shapes clearly cut in marble, each phrase is so distinct. Observe the precision, the finish, of nearly every word in such a saying as this well-known one:—

καὶ πάγκαρπον ἐπὶ χθόνα καὶ διὰ πόντον βίβαν
ἱρμάτων ἀεὶς καλῶν ἀσβεστος αἶεϊ.

Mr. Tremenheere does not translate this bit, but one can imagine from the rest how dim the *ἀεὶς ἀσβεστος* would have got in its journey into his blank verse. In another place Pindar asks at whom he shall cast his darts, and calls the darts *ἐκείλας*; the epithet becomes a line—

And, where they strike, convey the meed of praise.

* Translations from Pindar into English Blank Verse. By Hugh Seymour Tremenheere, M.A. London: E. Moxon & Co. 1866.

This is the idea, but how wordy it has grown in the process of transference! Nobody should undertake to put Pindar into verse who is not conscious of something like Pindaric fire; and perhaps, in saying this, we are saying that there never will be a worthy translation, because anybody who could rise to the required height in translating him would be driven to original creation rather than to copying. At all events, we are quite sure that anybody who derived his notion of Pindar from Mr. Tremenheere would wonder how Horace came to talk such nonsense about the man who desires to rival Pindar, and would scoff at the famous stanza:—

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbris
Quem super notas alere ripas,
Fervet immensaque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.

And the English reader would look fruitlessly for those great characteristics of the Greek poet which have been well summed up by an accomplished critic. Jean-Baptiste Rousseau (whom it is advisable for rash readers to distinguish from Jean-Jacques), says M. Villemain, had merits of his own, but when he tried to imitate Pindar he failed; he had no pretensions even to copy—

ces maximes de calme et de profonde sagesse qui rayonnent d'un éclat pur au milieu des splendeurs poétiques, ni ces mouvements d'âme, ces rapides évolutions de pensée les plus vives qu'il y ait au monde, ni cette précision singulière, en contraste avec l'abondance des images, ni ce mélange, ce choc rapide du sublime et du simple, du terme magnifique et du terme familier, ni cette propriété toute puissante qui rend présent tout ce que le poète a vu dans son plus grand délire.

Nor must the reader expect to find all or any of these splendours reflected in the latest English version.

BROADSIDES.*

WE never saw a more miscellaneous collection than this, but a good deal may be picked up from it. In point of chronology it ranges from 1513 to 1862—from a bull of indulgence of Leo the Tenth to an Order in Council of Queen Victoria, ordering the Prince of Wales to be prayed for as Albert Edward instead of merely as Albert. There is what one may call an accidental character about the whole collection. Not only are things of all kinds jumbled together, but it is hard to see why one thing should be there and another not. Except an election for Pontefract in 1812, the broadsides about which fill several pages, no subject seems to be, so to speak, worked out. A complete collection of Orders in Council altering the names of the Royal Family in the Prayer Book might have a certain value, and there would be nothing wonderful in beginning such a collection with the last two of the kind. But the last two have an odd effect when they are put all by themselves among a mass of odds and ends of every possible kind. As far as we can see, there is no arrangement in the collection but such as is purely chronological. We should have thought that the Society of Antiquaries would have done well to sort its broadsides. Instead of putting down simply in the order of date any printed paper that comes, it would surely be better to attempt some sort of arrangement by subjects. Ballads, Election Papers, Advertisements, endless other classes, at once occur to the mind. And we suspect that a collection arranged in this way would have a greater tendency to increase than it is likely to have at present. The beginnings under any particular class might be very imperfect, but the mere fact that it was a particular class would give it a greater interest. A thing which, when alone, or in incongruous company, seems mere rubbish, often has a value as part of a series. We certainly fancy that people who have any turn for such things would be much more likely to give, and to collect with the object of giving, if their gifts were to go towards completing a series of some particular kind, than they are now when their collections seem to be thrown together into a mere chronological chaos, in which there is no sort of connection of subject between each piece and its immediate neighbour.

Still the collection is curious throughout, and the papers in the earlier part are often of some historical importance. They always give us an insight into popular feeling, they sometimes supply distinct evidence as to actual facts. The author of the Introduction, who is not Mr. Lemon, but an anonymous and rather meagre substitute, mentions one curious case at length. At the baptism of Charles the Second all the Bishops and other Peers who were in and about London were invited to the ceremony, except the well known Williams, then Bishop of Lincoln. Bishop Hacket, in his Life of Williams, represented his hero as saying that he was as well away, as he could not have joined in the prayer put forth by Laud, which contained the words, "Double his father's graces, O Lord, upon him, if it be possible." This, as Williams rightly enough said, was "to confine the goodness and almightiness of the Lord"; it was "three-piled flattery and loathsome divinity." Such an excellent handle as this was naturally not neglected by Laud's enemies, then or now. The expressions were quoted by Mr. Brodie and Mr. Hallam. But the latter writer, as the author of the Introduction truly says, "with characteristic candour," withdrew his censure on the authority of Mr. Todd, who produced a copy of Laud's Devotions in which the prayer occurred, without the most offensive words, "if it be possible." The conclusion of course was that Williams had misrepresented his enemy and misled

Hacket. But here we have the Form of Prayer itself on a broadside, and it seems that, though Williams' quotation was not quite accurate, yet the offensive words "if it be possible" do occur, so that Williams' censure was substantially just. Of course the conclusion now is that Laud in transcribing, or his editor in reprinting, the form in the collection of Laud's Devotions, struck out the objectionable words.

Many of the broadsides are of course illustrated by wood-cuts, several of which are judiciously reproduced in this volume. Who does not know the cuts of martyrs at the stake which form the most attractive feature of Foxe's Acts and Monuments? To be sure, place, number, sex, are not much attended to. A cut of five men burned in Smithfield will do equally well for six women burned at Canterbury. Are they not all martyrs all the same? Of course when a Protestant gets burned, we are to weep for him; but what are we to do when a Protestant burns other people? It seems that according to orthodox Elizabethan precedent, we are to mock at him, according to the good old rule of all religious persecution from Annas and Caiaphas onwards. Here we have a heretic of the year 1583, some unlucky Socinian or Anabaptist, drawn tied to the stake with a countenance and gestures evidently designed to provoke the merriment of orthodox beholders. Here is so much of the broadside about him as the Editor gives us:—

A Declaration of the death of John Lewes, a most detestable and obstinate Hereticke, burned at Norwich the xviii. daye of September, 1583, about three of the clocke in the after noone.

To the tune of John Carelesse.

"As sure as now thou shalt be burnt before us here at stake:

So sure in Hell thou shalt be burnt, in that infernall lake."

"Quoth he, *Thou liest*: and no more words at all, this Caytife said."

Imprinted at London by Richard Jones, dwelling neere Holburne Bridge. October 8.

We do not mean to put the sisters on a level; Mary burned two hundred and seventy people in a reign of five years, Elizabeth burned four people in a reign of forty-five years. Still to those who, with ourselves, disapprove of burning at all, this is only a difference of degree. That people were burned for heresy in the reigns both of Elizabeth and of James the First is a fact which, we believe, comes under the head of "things not generally known." We look on it as a thing which should be generally known, and we look to Mr. Froude to help us when the time comes. If we rightly remember, John Foxe himself pleaded earnestly against the burning. Not that the heretic was to live, but only that he was to be slain some other way. The detestable and obstinate heretic was not to be burned, because burning was a form of death hallowed by the true martyrs, and of which Socinians and Anabaptists were not worthy.

Heretics naturally lead us to traitors. It is worth knowing that heads were to be seen on Temple Bar less than a hundred years ago. The heads were stuck on long poles, and they stayed there longer than one would have thought. The last pair of heads exhibited stayed from 1746 to 1772. The head of Sir William Perkins or Parkyns, executed in 1696, was still on the Bar in 1715, when the head of a certain Major Sullivan was set up beside it. This called forth a dialogue in a broadside, headed

Perkins against Perkin: a Dialogue between Sir Wm. Perkins and Major Sullivan, the Two Loggerheads upon Temple-Bar, concerning the present juncture of affairs.

A broadside of 1615 has a picture of the famous Mrs. Turner, much less rude than many of them. She is in deep mourning; the figure of "Lady Pride, lasciviously dressed out," and who holds a dialogue with Mrs. Turner, is not given us. Mrs. Turner's ruff, starched no doubt according to the recipe of her own invention, is well marked.

Elsewhere is a woodcut of the return of Prince Charles from Spain and his reception by his father. The British Solomon, with royal robes on his back, his crown on his head, and the orb reposing on a cushion behind him, rushes out to embrace his son. The Prince, booted and spurred, kneels uncovered, and receives the fatherly greeting somewhat passively; at any rate he does not fairly look his parent in the face. Behind are people throwing up hats, lighting bonfires, and having tankards of ale or wine brought out to them. Let the contemporary poet describe the scene:—

The High and Mighty Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, &c. The Manner of his arrivall at the Spanish Court, the Magnificence of the Royall Entertainment there; his Happy Returne, and hearty welcome both to the King and Kingdome of England, the fifth of October, 1623: Heere lively and briefly described, together with certaine other delightful passages, observable in the whole Travaille.

no tongue can halfe expresse
The ravish Countries wondrous joyfulness,
The peoples clamour, Trumpets clangor, sound
Of Drums, Fife, Viols, Lutes, these did abound,
Loud Cannons thundring from the Castels, Towers,
And Ships, shooke Ayre and Earth; all, to their powers,
Pourde healths of wine for welcome:—

To God's glory, and the exceeding joy and comfort of all true loyall hearted subjects.

Another poet, or perhaps the same, celebrates Charles's marriage with the French princess as readily as his non-marriage with the Spanish princess:—

Such narrow Seas runne betwene both the Lands,
Dover and Calis almost may shake hands:
Let then the Ayre echo with lusty peales,
Let our Thames leape for joy to heare our Bells,
Bonfires call people forth, and let them sing,
England on France bestowes a Wedding Ring."

* Catalogue of a Collection of Printed Broad-sides in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of London. Compiled by Robert Lemon, Esq., F.S.A. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London. 1866.

The Queen's name seems to have puzzled our forefathers. Here she is "Henrica," elsewhere "Henretta," but the knot was often cut by talking of Queen Mary.

We end with two extracts from the same page of very different natures. Here is one:—

A WARNING TO SABBATH BREAKERS: a remarkable Story, taken from the Theological Miscellany, Shewing the fate of three Jews, two of whom would continue their journey on the Sabbath day and consequently fell among thieves & were torn to pieces by a Bear, & the third, who observed his Sabbath, was preserved.

Here is the other:—

A Full, true, and particular account of the Birth, Parentage, and Education, Life, Character, and Behaviour, and notorious Conduct of NAPOLEONE BUONAPARTE, the CORSICAN MONSTER, alias the POISONER, who is shortly expected to arrive in England, where he means to massacre, burn, sink, and destroy. With a short description of the various Murders, Poisonings, and Assassinations committed by him and his Gang in Foreign Parts.

"Napoleone Buonaparte"—nine syllables in full—has a comforting look in these days when exaltation is marked by cutting a name short. When Cnut of Denmark (not our Cnut) was made a saint, he gained two syllables and became "Sanctus Canutus"; enthusiastic admirers likened him to Abram lengthened into Abraham. Dignity now shows itself in the opposite way. But one would like to know what would happen if any one with a name which, like Cnut's, could not be made shorter, should chance to rise as high as Canutus or Napoleon, either in this world or in the other.

JOURNAL OF A WAITING GENTLEWOMAN.*

IF woman, as Professor Kingsley sings, must weep, she has a faculty of self-consolation which is denied to the other sex. Living more in the present than man, and more liable to its influence, she has a happy knack of discovering in that present, however sombre, all sorts of tiny sources of comfort. And this ingenuity she carries with her into troubles small and big. She treats herself on the same principle for a broken heart and a household worry. If the cook is fractious, or the weekly bills unduly high, she goes upstairs and has a good cry, then sponges her face with cold water, goes out for a walk, sees a fine sunset or meets a sympathizing friend, and returns home in good spirits. She meets the calamity of a false lover or a cruel parent in much the same way. She does not, like a man, seek for relief outside her trouble, in work, or distraction, or excess; but she sits down and calmly examines her trouble for all the latent consolation it can be made to yield. And in this process comparative trifles afford a very real relief. Things which would never satisfy a male sufferer, through whose notion of consolation the idea of compensation generally runs—things that would altogether escape his notice—have a soothing, assuaging effect on the more gentle and less exacting patient. The instinct of the one is to kick against the pricks; the instinct of the other is to suffer and be still; and this last instinct is supplemented by another, which leads her to squeeze from her surroundings, however dismal, some balm for her wound. This is the root of two of the most excellent qualities in woman. She is constitutionally disposed to resignation. And she is the best consoler of others, because she is so ingenious in consoling herself.

It is just this phase of female psychology which is set forth in this unpretentious little book, the key-note of which is a quiet yet hopeful submission to the crosses of life. Mrs. Jourdan has executed her task with much neatness and delicacy of touch, and in the true spirit of an artist. Her diarist purports to be a waiting gentlewoman attached to the household of a nobleman in the reign of Charles II., who, from the point of view of that connecting link between the drawing-room and the servants' hall, describes the features of the domestic life of that day. The post of attending on the Lady Anne Freeman is no sinecure. Cicely has to endure the whims and caprices of her wayward young mistress, to chase cockchafers that disturb her rest, to read her to sleep, to write her letters and amend her spelling, to take care of her complexion, and to bear the brunt of her occasional fits of ill-humour. She is sometimes disposed to think the world a hard place to live in, specially for poor waiting-maids. But she will not complain. "Did I not," she writes, "of my own free will, leave my dear home, choosing rather to work for bread than to be burthen-some to my widowed mother?" Besides, though her mistress's caprices are many, she is treated with all due consideration by "my lord," who has great confidence in her discretion. Poor Cicely has a secret sorrow which lies "like a dead weight upon her heart." She loves, and believed herself loved by, Frank Musgrave, the handsome chaplain, and he is under a cloud. There had been a mysterious robbery at my lord's house in King Square, in which the chaplain seemed to have been implicated. He was rescued on his way to prison, since which nothing had been heard of him. But the doubt as to her lover's innocence was not Cicely's only sorrow. To make the matter worse, he had despatched at the moment of his arrest a letter to the Lady Anne, full of professions of ardent love. "Ah! me," she writes, "the traitor, the base false-hearted traitor, to make love at one and the same time to mistress and maid." The conflict of emotion in her mind is well described. It is not so much because he has deceived her

that she grieves, but rather because he has been untrue to his better self. She wishes that she could think that her own vanity had misled her into the belief that she was beloved. As a waiting-woman, too, she is scandalized at the chaplain's audacity. "I should have wondered at his boldness in sending a love-letter to Lady Anne under any circumstances; but sure 'twas nought else but barefaced impudence to do so at a time when he was himself lying under a heavy charge." Of course it is all a mistake. Frank Musgrave is no thief, but has heroically sacrificed himself to screen his patron's son from disgrace. And he has never swerved in his allegiance to Cicely, the letter which had been carried to the Lady Anne having been intended for her waiting-maid. The unravelling of this double complication is skilfully managed, and the story is brought to an appropriate climax by the installation of the chivalrous chaplain and his gentle Cicely in a city living, where they entertain the Archbishop of Canterbury. The account of Dr. Tillotson's visit is a good specimen of the gentlewoman's journal:—

Yesterday a great honour was paid us. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury came to preach for Frank, and afterwards partook of our poor fare, condescending to say many pleasant things of our children, whose behaviour he much commended. Little did I think that I should ever entertain an Archbishop at my table, but Dr. Tillotson hath long known Frank, and holds him in high esteem. They in many things so much resemble each other that his Grace made it the subject of remark, adding, laughing, "And see, in proof of what I say, we do neither of us favour periwigs, though our reasons, perhaps, are different, for whereas my hair is scant and white, your husband's, Mrs. Musgrave, hath scarce a silver line in it, to say nought of its being as redundant as ever. So I suspect that vanity hath somewhat to do with his contempt of fashion." I laughed at this, knowing all the while that, in spite of his good looks, no man could be freer from vanity than Frank. . . . And now I must lay down my pen, which I took up solely because my heart was so filled with gladness I was obliged, as it were, to let it overflow a little upon paper. Yet the cause of this same gladness is a simple, perhaps a foolish, one; still I must needs record it. It so chanced that yesterday Dr. Tillotson preached on the words, "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her," and just as he was giving them out Frank, who was sitting in the reading-desk below him, turned his head for a moment, so that his eyes met mine. I should have known what that look meant even if he had not explained it afterwards. It did not make me feel proud—nay, rather humbled; but I knew that it meant he thought of me—yes, happy woman as I am—that he thought of me.

The only criticism to which a work of this kind is open is that it generally involves an anachronism. One is pretty sure to detect the ideas of one century dressed up in the garb of another. In this book, while the style recalls the verbal quaintness of Pops, the voice is the voice of Miss Yonge, or Miss Muloch, or any other skilful analyst of the highest and best feelings of woman. In her sentiments and view of life the Waiting Gentlewoman is identical with the young lady of the semi-religious novel of the nineteenth century. She gives utterance to the same reflections; she consoles herself in the same way. The soothing influence of external nature which Cicely describes is exactly what refreshes the soul of Blanche or Margaret after a hard day's work in the schoolroom or the parish:—

It was a fair evening, exceeding still and calm after the wild raging of the storm. . . . I had been feeling very hard and cold, but now the tears came freely to mine eyes, and I did resolve to bear my own secret burden of disappointment and grief more cheerfully than heretofore, trusting that at length light would spring out of my present darkness.

Again, when she observes that she could not but think how noble her dear Frank would look standing up in the high oak pulpit of their city church, she is expressing the favourite thought of the heroine of a High-Church novel about the parish curate. The conception of Frank Musgrave's character is modern; he is so unmistakably the ladylike young clergyman of our own day, who has a beautiful voice, and receives innumerable slippers. We fear that Lord Macaulay's picture of the parson of the Stuart period is rather nearer the truth: But then a hunting, drinking ecclesiastic would have been a singularly uninteresting personage to introduce in a work of this kind. The fact that the Waiting Gentlewoman has so much to say about the state of her feelings is another evidence of her modern origin. People were not much in the habit of analysing their feelings or recording them in the reign of Charles II. A journal of that date would say a great deal more about what the journalist saw and did, and much less about what he thought and felt. Psychology is a science which has received much more attention of late years, and this reflects itself in our literature. Nowadays nothing interests so much as minute analysis of a passion or emotion, or a conflict of passions or emotions. The mental struggle of Jean Valjean before giving himself up to justice, the conflict of love and duty in Jane Eyre, the transmutation of a nature in Silas Marner—these are the masterpieces of the best modern school of imaginative writing. We owe them to the greater psychological insight of modern times. Even the characters in the Waverley Novels are apt to strike one as thin and wanting depth of colour after the rich elaborate portraiture of the mind, especially the female mind, to which a later school of novelists has accustomed us.

For the moral purpose which she has in view, and for those whom she is designed to edify, the Waiting Gentlewoman is not a whit too analytical. Her reflections on her lot, and the spirit of resignation which they breathe, enlivened now and then by a dash of quiet humour, will be to many readers the principal charm of the book. They strike a chord to which the female bosom will softly respond. Of course people who care for nothing but three spanking volumes of thrilling incident will find so slight and unassuming a work insipid. It is not addressed to them, but to a class whose

* *The Journal of a Waiting Gentlewoman.* Edited by Beatrice Jourdan. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

literary taste is more simple, and, we may add, more healthy. It will be appreciated, we fancy, in those quiet circles of society which prefer a soothing and suggestive to an exciting chapter of human experience. The maiden ladies, for instance, who gravitate towards our cathedral closes will welcome it as a fresh contribution to their store of meditative reading. And the excellent ladies who in many a country parish devote themselves to good works will find in it just the sort of moral tonic they need. For ourselves, looking to the prevalent tone of the light literature of the day, and the startling things women are made to say and do in novels, we are grateful to any writer who has the courage to exhibit the sentimental domestic side of female character. It seems to be an old-fashioned view; but, considering how much the character of the sex is formed by works of fiction, it well deserves to receive from time to time fresh illustration.

THE LIFE OF JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.*

IT is probable that very few of our readers ever heard of James Gates Percival, and that still fewer have ever read his works. Mr. Julius H. Ward, however, believes that Percival was "a wonderful genius," and has for nearly ten years been putting together a memoir of the object of his admiration. The method in which the book has been compiled is simply detestable. Mr. Ward has arbitrarily tacked together a number of letters, partly written by Percival and partly by his friends, mixing occasional fragments of magazine articles and bits of his own composition. The book, in consequence, requires, as a malicious critic said of Percival's own poetry, "a vigorous moral effort to read it." It is not so much that the book is long, as that it is totally wanting in art. Tedious stories about squabbles with booksellers, given in wearisome detail, fill a most disproportionate space. Like many other biographies of more pretension, it gives us less a picture of its victim's life than a panorama in which all the events are drawn to the same scale. Fortunately, materials were not very plentiful; and some of the incorporated fragments rise considerably above the general level. Moreover, the biographer gives us every view of his hero with perfect impartiality. We are thus able to discover that, in the hands of a more skillful writer, the story of Percival's life might have been made interesting as well as instructive. He was really a very original figure, especially amongst our restless, pushing, and practical cousins. Of his poetry, indeed, by which we are told he is principally to be remembered, we cannot express any high opinion. Mr. Whittier exclaims enthusiastically, "God pity the man who does not love the poetry of Percival." "It is not enough," says another gentleman, "to say of these productions that they glow with the fire of Æschylus and Pindar." "In manners," adds a third critic, "he resembles Addison, in disposition the eccentric and excellent Goldsmith, and in mind he possesses the herculean vigour of Johnson combined with the tuneful equability of Pope." He is further compared, on apparently equal terms, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Byron, to each of whom, as well as to Moore, he had certain points of likeness; and, as a mathematical proof of his remarkable powers, we are told that, "in the poem called 'Maria,' there are seventy-eight lines of continuous poetic association without a period." These praises, we should add, for the credit of American criticism, were for the most part bestowed upon Percival on the publication of his first poems, not long after 1820; when we may presume that a very little poetry would go a very long way. The conclusion of most persons would doubtless be that Percival was a humbug; and, so far as his poetry is concerned, we have no reason to think that they would be very far wrong. From the specimens given we should infer that he was a very fluent and very dreamy writer, whose more serious poetry resembled a bad imitation of Shelley. The only lines quoted which have any force are called the "Suicide," and have the merit of being apparently a genuine expression of feeling. Percival had, in fact, attempted to kill himself by throwing a large cobble-stone at his own head, and afterwards by taking opium. This is a fair proof of sincerity, though the cobble-stone savours of the melodramatic; and the verses in the "Suicide" are as good as most young men of ability would write on their passage through the Byronic stage. His other poetry will, we should imagine, only interest the few who are anxious to trace the rise of a national literature in America from its earliest beginnings.

If Percival were merely one of the justly forgotten versifiers of forty years ago, it would scarcely be worth while to notice his life. He was, however, although the term has acquired an awkward connotation, really a remarkable man; and his life might be recommended for the study of young poets, if only because he decidedly gave up poetry. As may be supposed from his suicidal tendencies, he possessed the morbid temperament generally productive of second-rate verses. One of the innumerable authors of this book tells us that he was actually "deranged," but this seems to be an over-strong expression. He was, however, sensitive, retiring, and unworlily after a fashion very uncommon amongst his countrymen. On the occasion of an early disappointment in love, we hear that, on once accidentally touching the lady's hand, he became so confused as to be unable to speak; and that he finally retired in confusion. In later life, he lived in habitual fear of ladies' conversation. Indeed for some years he hid himself in almost complete seclusion in some rooms allowed to him in a hospital at New Haven, Connecticut. No stranger was ever allowed to enter them. He used to buy his food for himself

in the evening when he had money, and to go without when he had none. His library of ten thousand volumes and his collection of minerals filled one of his three rooms (it must have been a spacious apartment); another contained a bed without sheets, and with a block of wood for a pillow, the dirty blankets marked by his shoes, which, we are solemnly told, he never blacked throughout his life; the rooms were unswept; "there were probably two inches of rolling lint on the floor; there was a beaten path from his bed to his stove, to his writing-table, to his library, and to the door." His dress, we are told, was neat, but the value of his entire wardrobe was "not above fifty dollars"; his hat was worn for years, and his only outer garment was a thin brown camlet cloak. This strange Yankee hermit used, however, to venture forth at times among his friends, and to talk; he would stand with his eyes on the ground, rubbing two fingers of his right hand across the palm of the left, and hold forth in a tone just above a whisper for hours together, regardless of times and seasons; he would collar his friends in the middle of a street to let off one of these strange discourses; and if accidentally interrupted, he would begin again the next day he met them with "As I was saying." Some of his friends talk in the proper terms of their attention having been riveted by this marvellous flow of learning and eloquence; but the only discourses whose subjects are reported to us are one upon hickory-trees, and another upon a peach-tree. No notes of his conversations, or rather monologues, survive, except from one of his hearers, who gives us such quotations as this:—"Dr. Percival seems to doubt (in 1848) the capacity of the French to establish a republic; says they are substantially the same people they were in the days of Tacitus. He also thinks the water-cure system pretty much a humbug." If these are fair specimens of Percival's talk, we should consider a stream of it flowing for hours to be superfluous. He had a very queer trick of playing upon divers musical instruments so gently that, if they made any sound, it was audible to himself alone (a desirable accomplishment for amateurs), he being meanwhile convinced that every one heard him. He once sung a song to a large party, really in dumb-show, but, as he believed, to the delight of his audience. And yet he certainly was a man of ability, and one whose ability was not quite thrown away. Besides his poetical gifts, he was a man of science. He knew, it is said, all the European languages, down to the most remote dialects, and especially the Slavonic, and had also studied the modern languages of India—accomplishments which were certainly remarkable in Connecticut in his youth. He was, moreover, a good geologist and botanist, and a man of extensive reading. In early life he attempted, but without success, to settle in his native State as a surgeon. The death of some of his first patients, or complaints by the survivors of his bills, seem to have frightened him out of the profession. He was exceedingly annoyed after this, as young poets are apt to be, by finding that he could not live by the sale of his poems. Calhoun, however, gave him the appropriate reward of the post of assistant-surgeon at West-Point, with, as it seems, some eye to his future poetry being on the Government side. He soon became disgusted with the labour of the place, and took, after a time, to that pursuit which all Americans appear to follow for part of their lives—that of editing a newspaper. He describes it as "the most degrading and disgraceful of all occupations"; and, either for this reason or because he was totally incapable of understanding business, he soon gave it up. He had a theory indeed that, when he made any agreement, it was binding only upon the other person, which was found to work very ill in his relations to booksellers and newspaper proprietors. He was thus compelled for some years to lead a sort of Bohemian life, part of which was spent in the hermitage already described. He did not, however, sink into the utterly morbid state of mind which might be inferred. When he was in great difficulties his friends raised money to prevent the sale of his library, and, before he died, he succeeded in paying off the debt. He supported himself at one time by acting as assistant to Webster in bringing out a new edition of his dictionary, and afterwards by superintending a new edition of Malte-Brun's Geography. His earnings at this hack-work were naturally low enough; but he was made comparatively comfortable by employment in making a geological survey of Connecticut, and, some years later, of Wisconsin. He died in 1856, whilst engaged in this last piece of work. The reports which he produced are said to be proofs of very great skill and of an extraordinary amount of labour. It is also said that they are totally unreadable, except for purposes of reference.

The geology and the poetry will probably sleep together, or, if either is to survive, a collection of dry facts is better than a collection of bad verses. Still there is enough in the story to make us wish that it had been told by an abler writer. Percival was a victim to a very common mental disease—the morbid sensibility which persuades the man himself that he is a poet, and his friends that he is a madman. But, amongst all his misfortunes, he shows certain good qualities which retain our sympathies. He paid his debts, as if he had not been a man of genius; he was ready to make his bread by the lowest kind of work when he had failed in the highest; and, after breaking down as a poet, he became, in later life, a hard-working geologist. Although the hardships of life made him eccentric, and drove him into himself, they do not seem to have made him morose or utterly useless. And such negative praise is rarely deserved in similar cases.

* *The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival.* By Julius H. Ward. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1866.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. II.

IT would task even the French capacity for arrangement and scientific division to classify these Christmas books. Last week we tried the merely mechanical method of grouping, and selected a single publisher and single artist. But it is not given to everybody to be either a Doré or a Cassell. No classification according to subject will comprise the miscellaneous mass of their contents; for all that is human, and sometimes what is scarcely human, comes within their comprehensive range. The grave reader and the gay, the sentimental, the serious, the artist and the schoolboy, the drawing-room and the playground, all are catered for with liberal hand; for music, science, poetry, grimace, and even nonsense plain and acknowledged, all alike are fish to the wide-meshed Christmas net. Professor De Morgan, who has spent so much pains in discussing the principles of a catalogue, would be puzzled by the perplexing and incongruous profusion of the Christmas swarm. And, as we give up all scientific treatment in despair, the higgledy-piggledy arrangement not only costs less trouble, but more adequately represents the confused and chaotic mass before us.

Poems, by Jean Ingelow (Longmans). This follows an accredited type, that of the "Illustrated" Longfellow, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Moore, with which successive Christmases have made us familiar. The present volume neither rises above nor falls below the average of its predecessors. The pretty embossed binding, bright type, and glossy paper, the size and shape, are all according to the received standard. The novelty, if there is any novelty, consists in investing a minor poet of the day with those honours which have hitherto been for the most part reserved for the registered stars of higher magnitude. Miss Ingelow has much of what goes to the making of a poet; but the writer of a sheaf of desultory and inconsecutive pieces can in few cases claim rank in the poetic hierarchy. It is true that most of our greatest writers made themselves a name by collections of slight poems; but at present we cannot see in Miss Ingelow that promise which Wordsworth's and Tennyson's first and fugitive pieces gave. Her poems are very creditable essays and practices in the poetic art; and, like all other artistic fingerings, are useful as giving ease and fluency and decision to the artist. But they are scarcely strong enough to be presented in this very elaborate and sumptuous shape. For its special purpose as a drawing-room-table book, nothing can be more suitable; there is just that grace and soft pleasant sentiment, and precisely that length, in Miss Ingelow's poems, which suits them to a five-minutes' study. And as are the poems, so are the pictures—graceful, slightly suggestive, and sufficiently varied. The engraver is one; for we can only speak of the atelier of "the Brothers Dalziel" in the singular. The artists are many, and most of them affect, and some exaggerate, the pre-Raphaelite manner. In one or two instances the photograph has been successfully used. Mr. Houghton is the most ambitious of the party, and some of his drawings recall—and he can stand the comparison—the drawings in the famous illustrated Tennyson.

Idyllic Pictures (Cassell and Co.). Why idyllic? except that Tennyson, having misused the word, the imitators of Tennyson's manner may well repeat Tennyson's mistake. An idyl, as far as we know from Theocritus and Bion, is confined to shepherds and shepherdesses. These little copies of verses are on every conceivable subject, and are Sicilian neither in matter nor feeling. They consist of short poems originally published in the *Quiver*—a magazine of good standing, and written for the most part by young men of diligence and ability. The poems are a little juvenile; and are usually echoes, but pleasant and graceful echoes. Many of them exhibit a considerable and practised sense of melody. If not trees, they are flowers, and gay, pleasant flowers. Several of the artists engaged on Miss Ingelow's volume reappear here; Messrs. Pinwell and Houghton, for example. And the collection comprises some of the better works of Mr. Gray, a gifted artist who has just been cut off in the very bloom of promise.

Two Centuries of Song (Sampson Low and Co.) does not mean two hundred pieces of poetry, or specimens of two hundred poets, but is a selection of short pieces written within the last two hundred years. This is the original notion of a Christmas book, and it was started more than twenty years ago in *Poems and Pictures*, published by Burns, and illustrated by such famous men as Dyce, Cope, Howley, Redgrave, and the like. The type has since been repeated under every variety of title and publisher. That it possesses such vitality is reason enough for accepting it without a murmur. Opinions will always differ as to the judgment and taste of the editor of any anthology; but the present collection stands well in comparison with its compeers. The editor has selected by a measure of length rather than value; and Pope, for example, is represented in a trivial aspect, because he scarcely ever wrote short poems. But, as the principle is acknowledged, we must take it with its good and evil. Its evil is that we don't get the best things of our best men; its good is that all we get is light, graceful, and, if unsubstantial, sparkling and gay. Of the illustrations we can only repeat what we have said already; the artists of the publications just mentioned are the artists of this volume also, and the pictures to these Christmas books are getting a decided mannerism. It is not a bad mannerism; but it betrays a school, with all the facility and finish, but with all the monotony, of a school.

The Child's Garland of Lesser Poems (Cassell). Neither poet (Mr. Barr) nor illustrator (Mr. Giacomelli) are known to us; but

there is a pleasant sentiment in them which has quite caught the taste of nursery readers.

Mr. Bennett is really an artist; and his grotesques are among the best, if not the best, of the day. In *Lightsome* (Griffith and Farran, successors to the original children's bookseller Newbery, of historical fame) we have a book of roaring fun about the Zodiac, we believe—a subject as difficult to be droll about, one would think, as the subjunctive mood.

Dalziel's Gift-Book (Routledge). This title suggests that the "brothers Dalziel" get up every year a Christmas annual, of which the successive volumes have something more than a family likeness. But in the present collection (*Wayside Posies*) we have an attempt to illustrate a principle. Mr. Buchanan, no insufficient judge of poetry, has selected certain anonymous but original pieces, all devoted to the one subject of "country life," which of course gives a good opportunity to the landscape draftsman. Both poets and artists have used their opportunity well, and Mr. Pinwell, whose familiar pencil meets us in almost every one of our "Gift-Books," is here more than usually successful. It need scarcely be said that Messrs. Dalziel, working for themselves and for "Dalziel's own," do their best.

Griset's Grotesques (Routledge). M. Griset is an artist who has risen suddenly into popularity. A year or so ago he was only known to those who wandered in the purlieus of Leicester Square, where, in a dirty little shop, the window displayed strange, wild caricatures of some power and considerable roughness. He has taken pains, and now stands up as a really original genius. This volume consists of sheer, unmitigated, and most pretentious nonsense. But nonsense, when it does not affect to be sense, is a thing valuable in its way. Mr. Thomas Hood is the verse-maker, and if he wrote one verse where he now writes twenty, it would be the better for his fame; for he has in him a true spirit of humour, and a fluency and mastery of language, which are excellent gifts. His exuberance, indeed, is quite a phenomenon; and though he is unequal, some of his best things cannot be easily matched.

Lyra Britannica (Longmans). We have of late years had such a flight of *Lyra*—the misplaced metaphor may be pardoned—in the shape of *Lyra Messianica*, *Lyra Mystica*, *Lyra Eucharistica*, &c., that we began to grumble at another *Lyra*. But Mr. Rogers has given us here a plain, sensible, businesslike collection of hymns, representing all ages, sects, and prejudices. It is a staid and sober volume without—and sometimes such solidity is a relief—a single illustration. The editor has taken much pains in restoring the genuine text; for it is a curious literary fact that hymns, being a religious property, are more adulterated, mutilated, and doctored than any other pieces of writing. After Sir R. Palmer's *Book of Praise*, the present collection might seem superfluous; but it is larger and more varied. The variety, however, is not produced without a certain amount of unavoidable dullness.

The Spirit of Praise (Warne) is also a collection of hymns, and is a volume more ambitious and elaborate, but less full in contents, than Mr. Rogers's publication. As before, the blocks are engraved by Dalziel, and the drawings are by Mr. Pinwell and his confrères. This relieves us from the necessity of attempting further criticism, for this is about the twelfth Christmas book which we have received from the same pencils and the same woodcutters.

Mr. Hullab, for the first time we believe, enters into the competition of caterers for *étreennes*. In his *Sacred Music for Family Use* (Longmans), he gives a good and varied selection of pieces of old and new, but still of serious, music for domestic practice. Some of these compositions have been hitherto unpublished; but the staple of the volume consists of Handel, Cherubini, Mozart, Mehul, and Bach.

Aunt Louisa's Sunday Picture-Book, and *Aunt Louisa's London Gift-Book* (Warne)—how the publishers must be at their wits' end for titles—are the sober and lively sides of a single picture. That is to say, they are nursery-books for serious and non-serious little people. We own that we prefer the secular volume; among other reasons, because in the Sunday book the Bible histories—the story of Joseph, for example—are done into modern, and very modern, not to say Cockney, English. The cuts are good bold prints, with substantial haunting colours; which after all is the right thing for children.

Roses and Holly (Edinburgh: Nimmo) is a Scotch production, and perhaps might have been appropriately called the *Thistle*. Scotch it is, so far at least as a Scotch publisher, a Scotch printer, and Scotch artists go; and it is highly creditable to all concerned in its production. The book is a sort of *Elegant Extracts*—very miscellaneous as to contents, and what in the ugly slang of the day is called very "catholic" in its patronage. That is to say, it represents all sorts of writers on all sorts of subjects, and represents them in a characteristic way.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ALFRED DE REUMONT'S entertaining history of the early days of Catherine de' Medici falls properly under the category of German books; but the French translator, M. Armand Baschet, has added so much to the original in the shape of notes, appendices, &c., that a brief account of the volume may not be out of place here. M. Baschet relates, in his preface, how the very subject which engaged the attention

* *La Jeunesse de Catherine de' Medici*. Par A. de Reumont, ouvrage traduit et annoté par A. Baschet. Paris: Plon.

both of M. de Reumont and of Mr. Adolphus Trollope had also excited his curiosity. He had, in fact, during his long residence at Florence and at Venice, collected materials for the history of Catherine de' Medici, when the publication of the German work, and the announcement of that upon which Mr. Trollope was busy, prevented him from carrying out his design. The thought then struck him of translating into French M. de Reumont's monograph, and of completing it as far as he could by the means of illustrative documents borrowed from the Italian State-paper office. Very little is generally known about the youth of Catherine, and it is only when she sets her foot upon the territory of France, under the name of Madame d'Orléans, that people seem to take any interest in her. And yet, as M. Baschet remarks, from her earliest days she was a political personage, and her fortunes were a kind of stake in the grand game which was being played in Italy. The negotiations that led to her marriage have never been thoroughly explained either by contemporary chroniclers or by subsequent historians, and here again the French translator has done good service in ransacking the archives of Florence for elucidations. The documents printed in the appendix are twenty-one in number, and they add great interest to M. de Reumont's work. M. Armand Baschet has concluded his preface by a short biographical sketch of the author himself.

M. Eugène Bonnemère's history of the Vendean insurrection* does not aim at competing, in vigour of style and descriptive brilliancy, with Madame de la Rochejaquelein's memoirs, but it is well written, and gives a very fair view of the civil war. If we consider for a moment the circumstances amidst which the rising of the Vendéans took place, and the condition of the country where it broke out, we cannot help being struck with astonishment. As M. Bonnemère observes, the Vendéans really fought to preserve a régime which had proved their curse; and if they had succeeded in their attempt, France would have retrograded to the days of Louis XIV. in its institutions, its laws, and its feelings. Completely isolated from the rest of the nation, and from every kind of intercourse with the civilized world, the Vendéans could scarcely be called French. We quite agree with our author that the war which has made the names of Cathelineau, Charette, Sombreuil, Lescure, and La Rochejaquelein so celebrated was a great blunder; it was a kind of Jacquerie—a struggle between barbarism and civilization.

The title *Philosophie des deux Ampères*†, given by M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire to the work he has just published, requires some explanation. It simply means that we have now before us an account of the metaphysical views held by the elder Ampère, written and commented on by his son. Here, however, we find ourselves obliged to answer another question. What are M. Ampère's claims as a metaphysician? He is known, indeed, throughout Europe by his discoveries in the field of natural science, and particularly in electro-magnetism; but his psychological abilities are less generally recognised. Yet his powers of analysis were as remarkable when he applied them to the laws of the mind as when he took the problems of nature for the subject of his researches. Allowing a great deal for the filial piety of the son of so distinguished a man as M. Ampère, we must still assign to the author of the fragments collected in the present volume a high rank amongst French metaphysicians of the nineteenth century. He was the intimate friend and the metaphysical confidant of M. Maine de Biran, whom M. Cousin does not hesitate to call the greatest philosopher that France has produced since Malebranche, and it would be difficult to determine which of the two owes more to the other in that interchange of thoughts. The radical defect of M. Ampère's intellectual constitution was its discursiveness. He aimed at grasping every subject and applying himself to every study; and for this reason he has left very little behind him, except his disquisitions on points of natural philosophy and his essay on a classification of the sciences. The volume before us contains, besides M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's preface, an introduction in which M. Ampère's son—himself also gone from amongst us—gives a short sketch of his father's metaphysical system, and describes the fragments he has been able to collect. These fragments comprise letters addressed to M. Maine de Biran, and detached pieces from a memoir originally composed in 1803, but never published in its entirety.

M. Maine de Biran, after having begun his metaphysical career as a sensationalist, ultimately became a Christian and a mystic; and M. Ampère, during his whole life, was firmly attached to the principles of Christianity. For them no code of ethics destined to act beneficially upon mankind could be independent of religion; and therefore they would have regarded as worse than useless M. Sièrebois's *Essai d'Anthropologie*‡. This gentleman seeks to found a system of morality derived exclusively from facts observable in human nature, and which will accordingly commend itself to all men, whatever may be their creed or their no-creed. He begins by acknowledging the necessity of a complete scheme of ethics, but he thinks that the foundation hitherto adopted for the structure is unsatisfactory. Religion has been considered the basis of morality; but it is evident, he says, that the power of faith is now well nigh extinct, except so far as it derives a precarious support from the force of prejudice and early

education. M. Sièrebois is then led by an easy transition to examine the power of habit, and this he adopts as the basis of his system of ethics. Education must be the principal agent in this work, and, as it is more or less perfect, so the morality of the individual will be more or less complete. There is much ability and power of analysis in some parts of M. Sièrebois's treatise, but his fundamental theory is as weak as his conclusions are unsatisfactory. Habit may be, and ever will be, a powerful agent for educators; but it is absurd to make it the law of our conduct. After you have accustomed a child by long practice to temperance, honesty, and industry, you must still, when he reaches a suitable age, tell him both what is the basis and the sanction of your system of ethics; and unless you adopt that basis which M. Sièrebois considers obsolete, you have no alternative but to find it in selfishness. Such, we are sorry to say, is, *en dernière analyse*, the doctrine of our author.

The introduction of M. Maxime Du Camp's new book* is as extraordinary that we must give a short sketch of it. He tells us that, at the death of Savonarola, three of his disciples contrived to carry away from the funeral pile the head and the heart of the Reformer. Having taken refuge within the walls of the monastery of S. Onofrio, they mixed with wine a small quantity of these carbonized remains, drank off the mixture, and bound themselves by a solemn oath to avenge their master, and to take no rest until the temporal power of the Pope was swept from off the face of the earth. Hence the name of *Tephrapotes*, or *drinkers of ashes*, which they assumed. A secret club soon grew around these three fanatics, and it found members in every class of Italian society. In order to impart to their association a more mysterious character, the *Tephrapotes* borrowed various usages from the Kabbalah, and amongst other things, they elected seven leaders, to whom they gave the names of the seven Edomite kings who reigned before the settlement of the Israelites in Palestine. The existence of this society was, it seems, very soon discovered by the Pontifical Government, and in order to stop its progress, Paul III., Paul IV., and Benedict XIV. endeavoured to rehabilitate the memory of Savonarola. This was useless; the "drinkers of ashes" had joined together for the purpose, not of commemorating the Reformer's virtues, but of destroying the power which had sent him to death. Since its first institution, the club of the *Tephrapotes* has, it is asserted, never ceased to exist; during the French Revolution its chief was a *conventionnel*, and, besides the downfall of the Papacy, they aim at bringing about that of the Austrian Empire and of the Sultans. Whether this romantic description has or has not any historical basis, we do not now stop to inquire; but, if there are any *Tephrapotes* now extant, they must feel rather jubilant under present circumstances. Let us add that, whatever may be thought of M. Du Camp's political views, his talents as a novelist cannot be denied.

M. Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne is an old acquaintance. We have already followed him to America through the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*†, admiring the industry with which he finds fresh topics of interest in a subject which for the last three years has exercised, perhaps more than any other, the thoughts of politicians and the curiosity of tourists. He remarks with much truth, that the real character of a nation and the merit of its institutions are best tested by the ordeal of civil disturbances, and that one year of political discord is more conclusive as to the virtues or vices of a people than a century of regular and mechanical life under the régime of force. The record of eight months spent in the United States is on the whole a favourable one, and the Americans no doubt will feel obliged to M. Duvergier de Hauranne for the spirit in which he has written and published his journal. The testimony he gives to the institutions and social habits of the United States is the more valuable, because he started from Europe under certain impressions partaking both of dread and of dislike. Conclusions adopted *a priori*, either for or against, find no favour with him, and he dislikes the fanatical admirers of America quite as much as those whose prepossessions are against self-government, liberty of conscience, and democratic principles. In fact, far from being a blind panegyrist of America and the Americans, he is almost afraid lest he should be suspected of intending, by way of contrast, to extol in an indirect manner the present Government of his own country.

Never was there a more opportune moment than the present to speak of peace and of its blessings. We are told that we seldom know our happiness till we have lost it; and thus the desolation produced by a sanguinary war, though short in its duration, the stagnation of commerce and of trade, the decay of industry and of agriculture, must make us feel more than ever the folly of sacrificing to ambition and false glory the best interests of humanity and civilization. Animated by these thoughts, M. Audiganne has composed his excellent little volume, *L'Economie de la Paix*, and he would rejoice if he could persuade the various Governments of Europe to transform their breech-loaders into steam-ploughs, and their iron-clads into steam-presses. The *Economie de la Paix* forms part of a series of works in which M. Audiganne has considered the various branches of the science of political economy. The history of industry, and of industrial institutions, of railways,

* *La Vendée en 1793*. Par Eugène Bonnemère. Paris: Lacroix.

† *Philosophie des deux Ampères*. Publiée par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. Paris: Didier.

‡ *La Morale foulée dans ses Fondements; Essai d'Anthropologie*. Par T. Sièrebois. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

* *Les Buteurs de Centres*. Par Maxime Du Camp. Paris: Lévy.

† *Huit Mois en Amérique*. Par Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne. Paris: Lacroix.

‡ *L'Economie de la Paix et la Richesse des Peuples*. Par M. Audiganne. Paris: Lacroix.

and of labour and capital, are the principal topics already treated by him. He now seeks to show that the economy of peace is a real science, founded upon permanent facts, although it may borrow from circumstances a character of exceptional interest. Nor must it be supposed that its principles are of recent discovery. They have been acclimatized in France, if we may so say, for the last half century. Peace is the greatest blessing a nation can enjoy; yet M. Audigane emphatically dissents from the views of those who would sacrifice national honour to the desire of avoiding the horrors of war. His book may be considered as a manual of international law on the subject of political economy; it embraces all industrial questions from that point of view, and shows how railways, postal arrangements, international exhibitions, &c., can be made to tell upon the general interests of mankind.

From the fragments published at two different periods, first in the *Revue Française* and then in the *Revue Contemporaine*, it was expected that Count Beugnot's memoirs would, when given in their completeness, prove a valuable addition to the numerous collections of autobiographies of which French literature boasts. The two volumes now before us, which contain these memoirs, are rather disappointing; not that they are devoid of interest—quite the reverse—but because they are so short. They consist simply of the fragments which have already appeared, with the addition of a few *morceaux* on the stay of Louis XVIII. at Ghent, and the beginning of the second Restoration. In the first two chapters, Count Beugnot gives a most interesting account of the well-known Countess de Lamotte, and of the affair of the diamond necklace; he states all the particulars of that scandalous business, and shows how far revolutionary ideas had even at that time permeated the public mind, since the grossest insult offered to the Queen was treated with indifference, and no notice was taken by the magistrates of anything except the swindling part of the case. The elections of 1789 form the subject of the next chapter; and then comes a long and very valuable fragment on the events of 1793 and 1794. Count Beugnot had been sent to prison, like so many others, on the most trifling charge, but he managed to escape the sentence of death chiefly through his acquaintance with Danton. The rest of the first volume refers to the author's residence in the Grand Duchy of Berg, when he was appointed chief administrator, in the year 1808, by Napoleon. The intrigues which marked the first years of the Restoration are well described in the beginning of the second volume. Count Beugnot, amongst other things, gives us the true version of the story of the intended blowing up of the bridge of Jena in Paris by Blucher.

The origin of disease is a question of universal interest, especially at the present time, when epidemics are the order of the day. Are there really spontaneous diseases? No, say some physicians; the expression has no sense whatever, unless we are prepared to admit that in certain cases effects are produced without a cause. But, if such diseases do not really exist, how are we to account for the appearance of certain morbid phenomena, which seem to occur merely under certain hygienic conditions, such as bad food, insufficient ventilation, overcrowding, &c. M. Chauffard has discussed this difficult problem in a brochure† which, although addressed originally to the medical profession, is perfectly suited to the public in general by the simplicity of its style and the lucidity of its explanations. M. Chauffard takes a middle course between the champions and the adversaries of the spontaneous theory, and he makes out, we think, a clear case against exaggerations on both sides.

It is a curious fact that, if the celebrated sailor Jean Bart had been born four years sooner than he actually was, he would have belonged to Spain, and not to France. Dunkirk, his native city, forming part of the county of Flanders, had passed by right of inheritance to Charles V., Emperor of Germany; it was then taken from the Spaniards, under the reign of Philip II., by the English; the French, in their turn, made themselves masters of it in 1558, and then ceded it back to its original masters during the following year. Finally, on the 10th of October, 1646, the Prince de Condé took possession of it, after a long and tedious siege. Such have been the political destinies of a town which boasts of having given birth to one of the greatest of French seamen. The history of Jean Bart is as popular amongst our neighbours as that of Nelson on this side of the Channel, and it could not fail to have a conspicuous place in the series of national biographies published by M. Hachette. The author of the volume before us, M. Adolphe Badin‡, has performed his task extremely well, and has enriched the work with an appendix of original documents referring to the principal circumstances of his hero's life.

M. Littré will probably never be elected a member of the Académie Française. In the first place, he is not orthodox enough to please the forty immortals; and, in the next, his wonderful *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française* is a standing reproach against them. Whilst the illustrious literati are still dawdling over the first part of the letter A of the *Dictionnaire Historique*, we see one man present himself before the public with that task fully completed§ which forty scholars seem unable

to get through. The first volume of the new dictionary takes us down as far as the letter H. Nomenclature, grammar, the signification of words, their history, and lastly their etymology—such are the five subjects which compose each article. We may say a few words on each of them. 1. *Nomenclature*.

The only words which M. Littré omits are those which have become quite obsolete, and even here he gives a place to all the archaisms which occur in classical writers, and to the most remarkable terms used by authors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He has also taken care to render as complete as possible the vocabulary of historical and scientific expressions. 2. *Grammar*. The niceties of synonyms have suggested many important remarks; for example, in dealing with *choquer* and *heurter*, our author takes the opportunity of explaining a line in one of La Fontaine's fables. The peculiarities of the genders, and the variations which some French substantives have undergone in this respect, are also carefully noted. 3. *Signification of the Words*. This topic is almost inexhaustible, and some idea may be formed of the attention which M. Littré has bestowed upon it when we say that under the substantive *cœur* no fewer than twenty-two acceptations are given, each illustrated by several examples. The well-known but absurd and senseless word *collimation* has led the learned author to point out an erroneous reading which has crept into several editions of Cicero and Aulus-Gellius. It is evident, indeed, that Kepler's expression *ratio collimandi* should be *ratio collineandi*, and that the substantive *collimation* must give way in the French Dictionary to *collinéation*. 4. *History*. M. Littré not merely puts down the etymological history of each word, but is careful to explain *en passant* a number of historical, biographical, and archaeological allusions which are not generally understood. Thus the article *Comédie* contains a short but complete account of what was formerly designated *la comédie italienne*. 5. *Etymology*. Nothing is more indispensable than a correct knowledge of etymology. Thus, when we are aware that *chez* is derived from *casa*, we see how more strictly grammatical is the obsolete form *enchies* than the one which obtains at the present day. Peculiarities of this description are thoroughly and minutely explained by M. Littré. Under the title *Coup d'œil sur l'Histoire de la Langue Française*, he has prefixed to his truly great work a *résumé* which will enable the student to account satisfactorily for all the philological details embodied in the dictionary itself. This introductory disquisition is subdivided into the following chapters:—1. On the Grammatical Rules of the Old French Language; 2. On the Old Spelling and Pronunciation; 3. On the Rules of the Old Versification; 4. On the Dialects and Patois; 5. On the Romance Languages; 6. A Glance at the History of the French Language; 7. A Sketch of the History of French Literature.

We must, in conclusion, mention with commendation a very readable and amusing novel by M. Gaboriau.* The story is cleverly put together, and is intended to show that strong prejudice will often unconsciously lead astray the most upright judge, and make him draw utterly erroneous inferences from the facts submitted to him.

* *L'Affaire Lerouge*. Par E. Gaboriau. Paris: Dentu.

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* *Mémoires du Comte Beugnot, ancien Ministre*. Paris: Dentu.

† *De la Spontanéité et de la Spécificité dans les Maladies*. Par T. E. Chauffard. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Jean Bart*. Par Adolphe Badin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française, &c.* Par E. Littré, membre de l'Institut. Vol. 1. A—H. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.